

WESTERN WINNERS

APRIL
NO. 4
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WESTERN ACTION



NEW! *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME - DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEAMED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!

SAYS DAD... THE COACH

WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!

I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!

WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!

Big 14 x 16 in.

STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY

Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "connect" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

Special Price! If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin \$1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance \$2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

\$3 00 POSTPAID

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3 00	\$2 50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

COD. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

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City _____ State _____

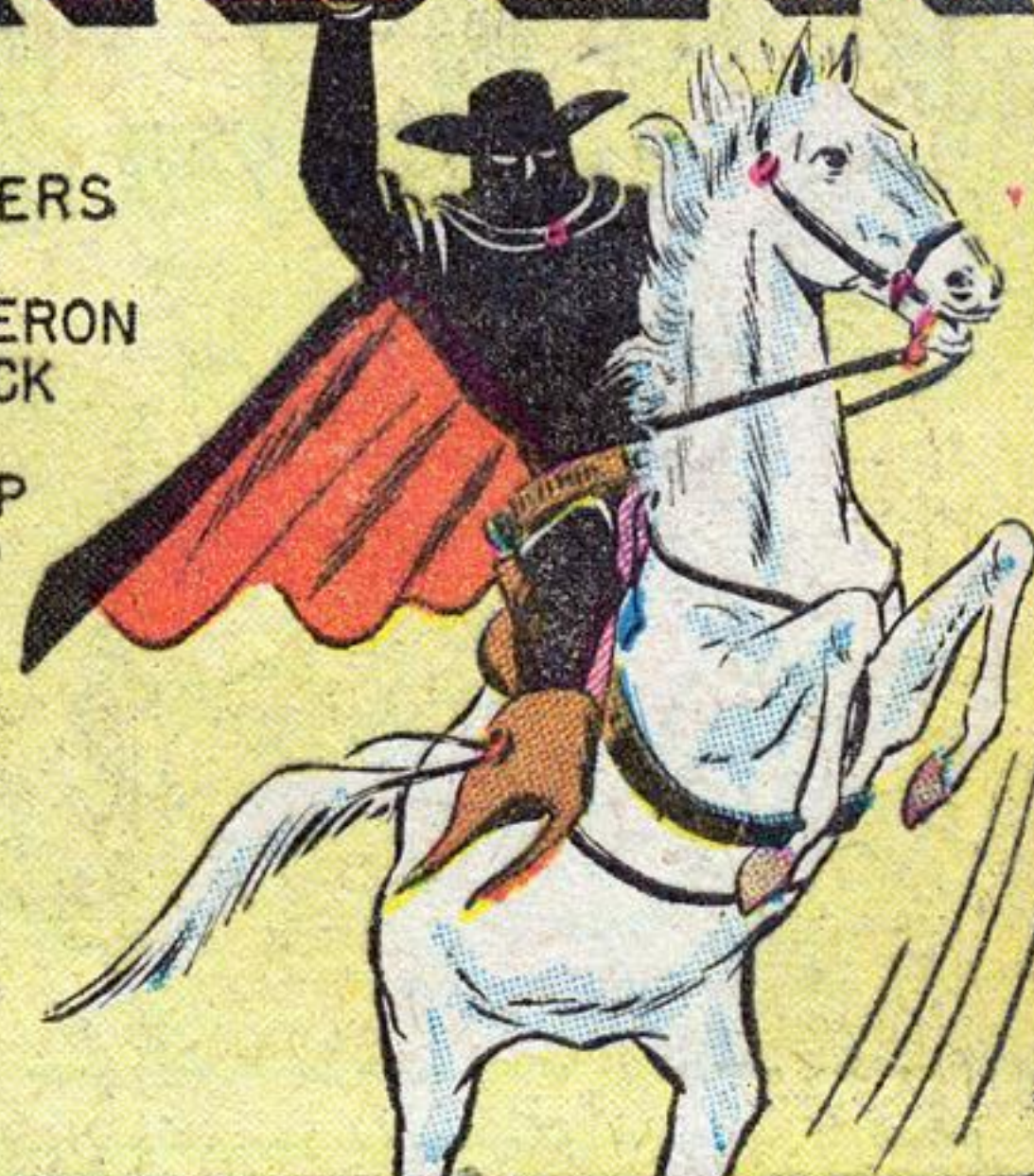
ALL GAMES POSTPAID

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BLACK RIDER

...CAST...

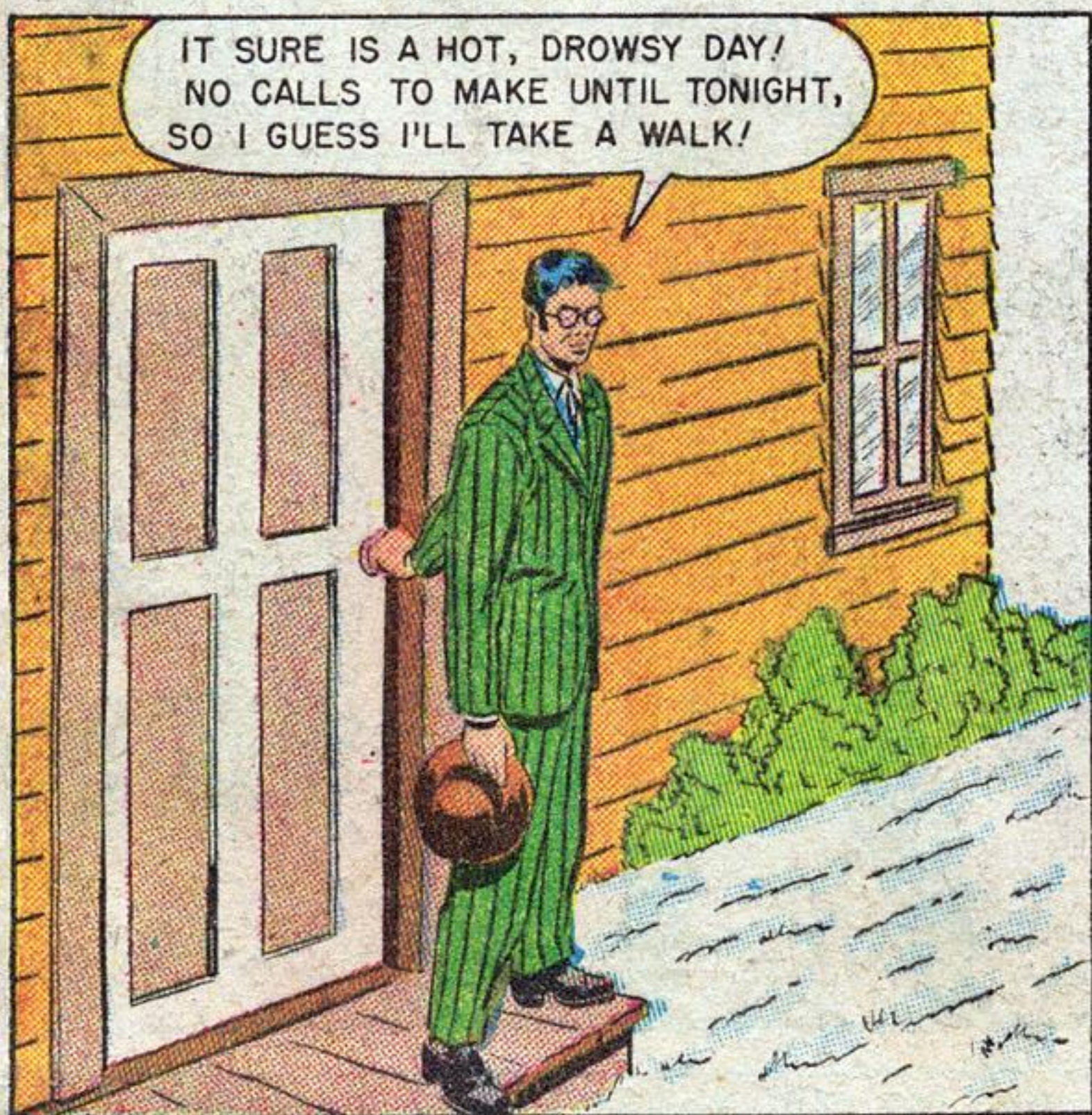
DR. MATHEW MASTERS
JAKE MATTHIAS
BANKER COLE CAMERON
SNAKE BOSTWICK
JIM LATHROP
MARIE LATHROP
BOBBY LATHROP
AND FEATURING
SATAN,
THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
HORSE!



IN
"THE
BLACK RIDER--
UNMASKED!"

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IT SURE IS A HOT, DROWSY DAY!
NO CALLS TO MAKE UNTIL TONIGHT,
SO I GUESS I'LL TAKE A WALK!



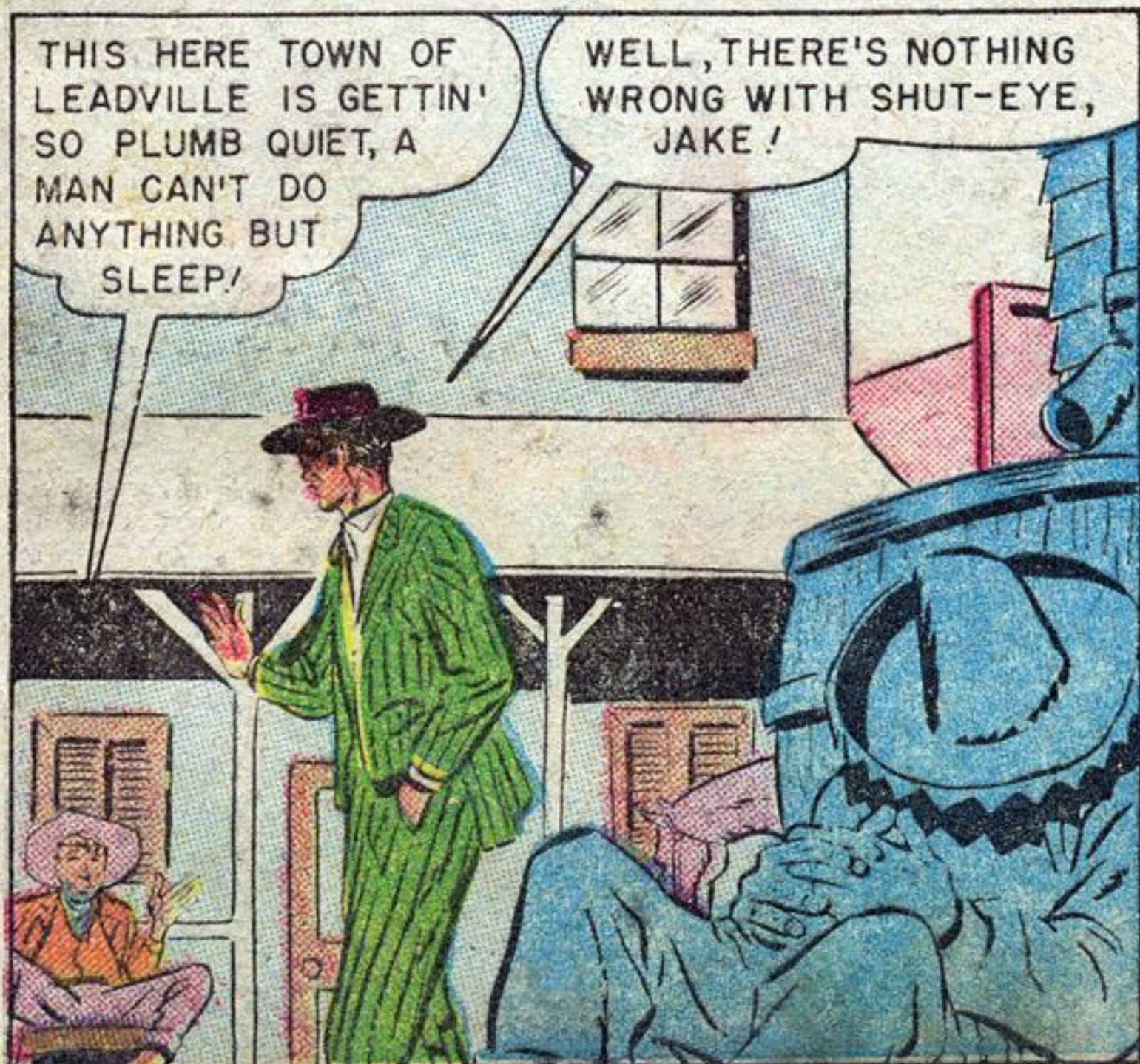
HELLO, JAKE! HOW'S
THE RHEUMATISM
TODAY?

GOOD, ENOUGH, DOC!
I'LL BE MOVIN' OUT
SOON, NOW!



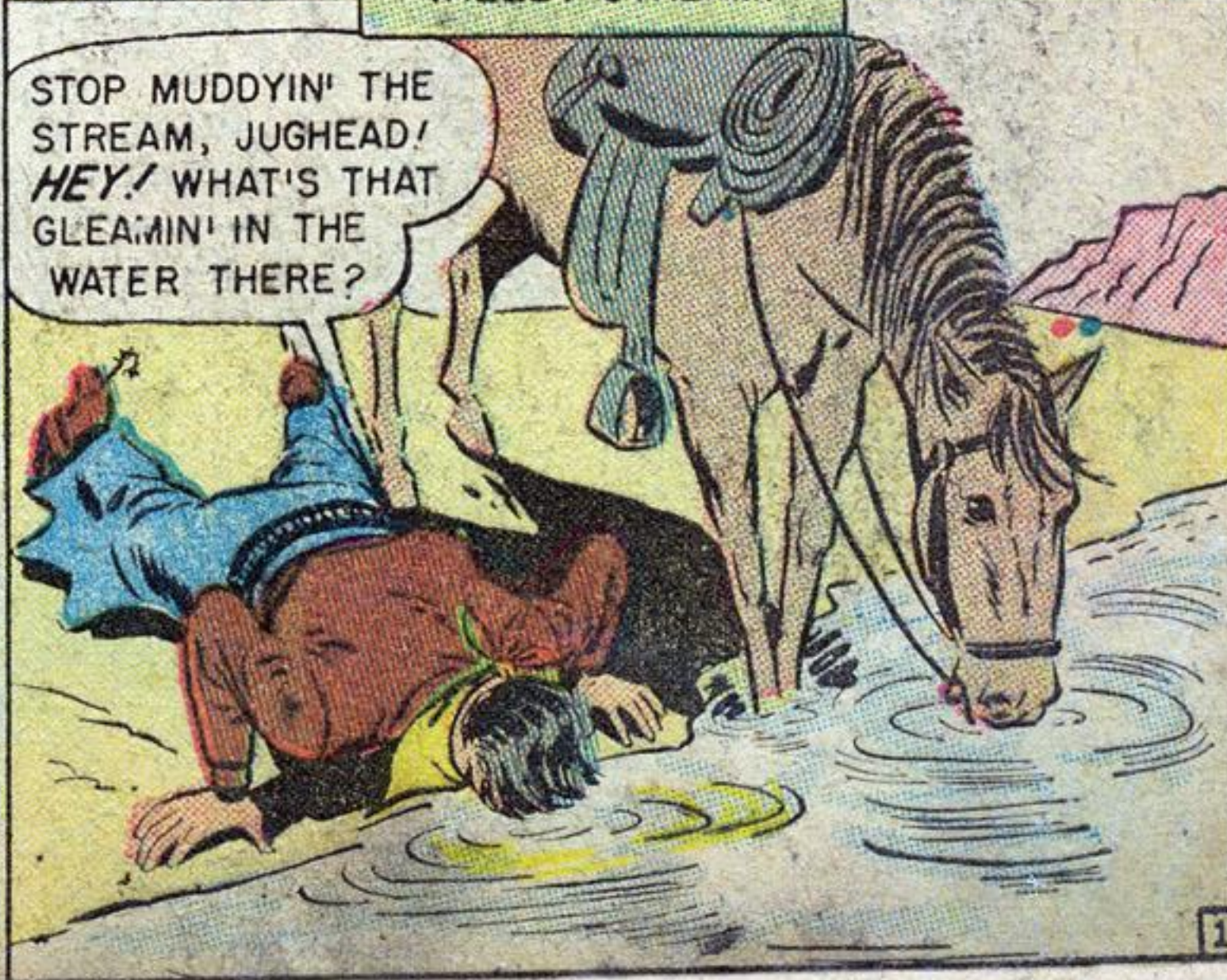
THIS HERE TOWN OF
LEADVILLE IS GETTIN'
SO PLUMB QUIET, A
MAN CAN'T DO
ANYTHING BUT
SLEEP!

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH SHUT-EYE,
JAKE!



AND IN LEADVILLE BASIN, WHERE THE CATTLE GRAZE,
A HOT AND TIRED COWBOY DRINKS FROM THE COOL
VALLEY STREAM!

STOP MUDDYIN' THE
STREAM, JUGHEAD!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT
GLEAMIN' IN THE
WATER THERE?



SUDDENLY A CRY RINGS OUT, A SHOUTED WORD--YES, ONE WORD--JUST ONE WORD THAT WILL SOON WING THROUGHOUT THE WEST AND ECHO FROM THE THROATS OF MANY MEN!



GOLD! THE PRECIOUS METAL THAT BRINGS FEVER TO THE BODY AND BURNS AT THE BRAIN! IN SEARCH OF THIS WEALTH OF THE EARTH COME ALL MANNER OF MEN--LAWYERS, TRADESMEN, GAMBLERS, GUNMEN, ENTERTAINERS, HONEST MINERS AND THE RIFFRAFF OF THE BORDER!

ANOTHER STRIKE IN THE BASIN!

YEAH! NUGGETS BIG AS TEACUPS, I HEAR TELL!



THE LITTLE TOWN OF LEADVILLE MUSHROOMS OVERNIGHT INTO A SPRAWLING BOOMTOWN! SALOONS AND GAMING HOUSES BECOME MORE NUMEROUS THAN STORES AND HOMES, AND VIOLENT DEATH BECOMES A DAILY OCCURRENCE!

THOSE SHOTS! SOMEONE MAY BE HURT!

WAIT, DOC! SNAKE BOSTWICK AND HIS KILLERS ARE ON A RAMPAGE! THAT'S NO PLACE FOR A TIMID MAN!

BANG!
BANG!



BUT--BUT SOMEONE MAY NEED A DOCTOR'S SERVICES!

LISTEN, DOC, YOU SPREAD THE WORD TO THE DECENT ELEMENT TO MEET HERE IN MY BANK TONIGHT!

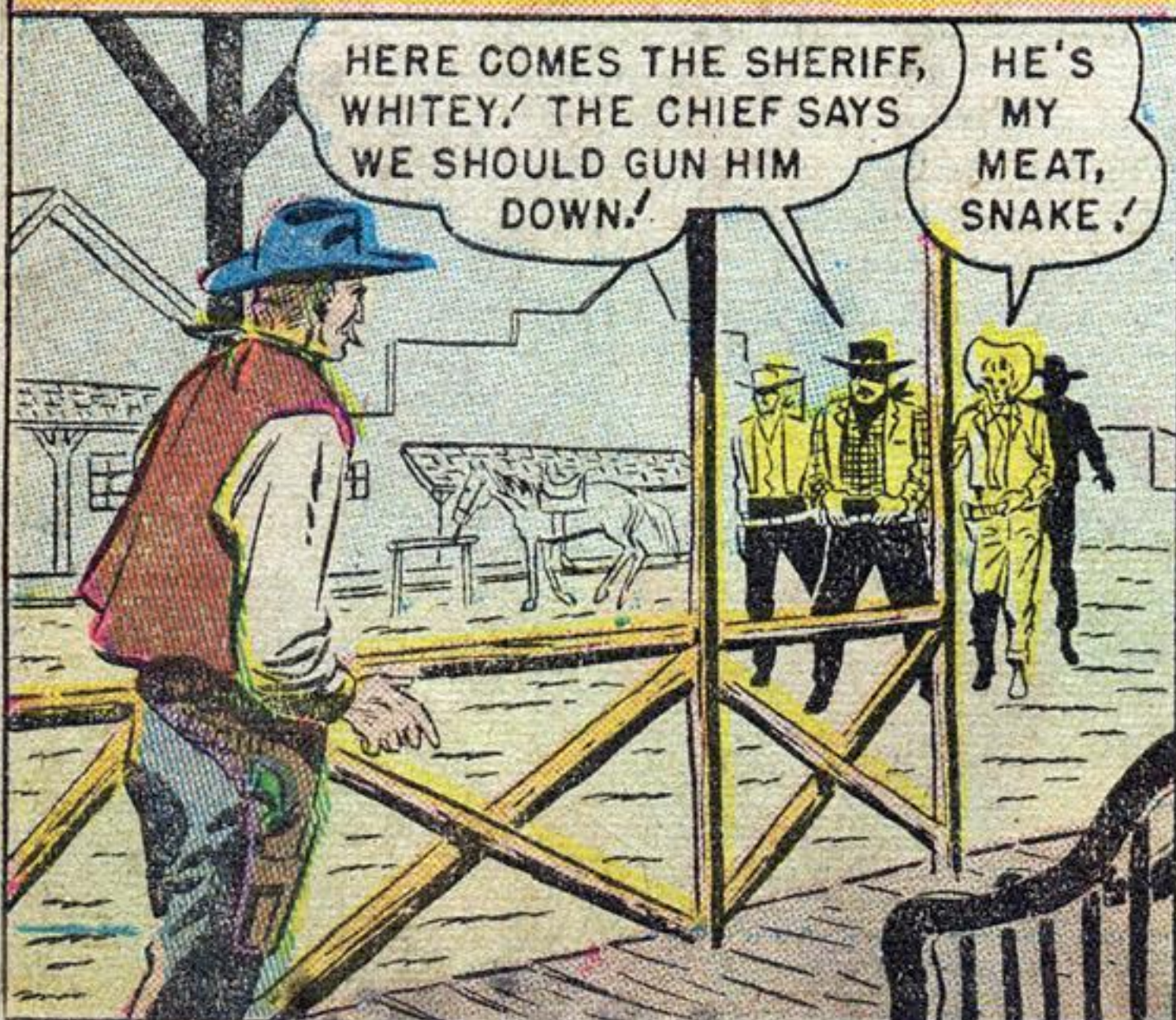
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT THIS!



AS THE DAY DRAWS TO A CLOSE, TENSION FILLS THE AIR! SNAKE BOSTWICK AND HIS GUNMEN SWAGGER THROUGH THE STREETS AND THE AGE-OLD SHAPE OF TROUBLE RACES TOWARD A CLIMAX!

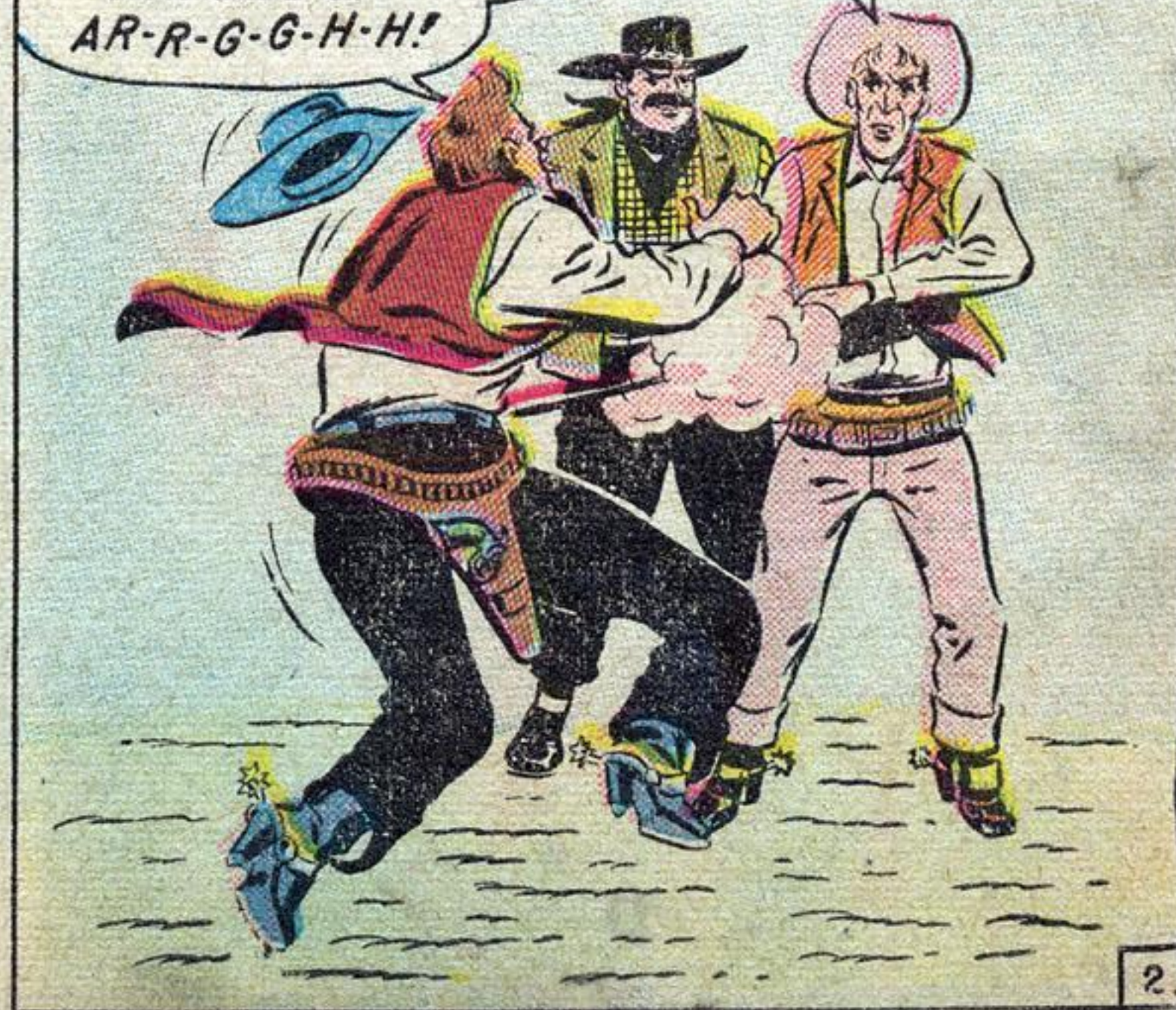
HERE COMES THE SHERIFF, WHITEY! THE CHIEF SAYS WE SHOULD GUN HIM DOWN!

HE'S MY MEAT, SNAKE!



NOW SEE HERE, SNAKE, YOU GET BACK ON YOUR OWN SIDE OF--
AR-R-G-G-H-H!

G'BYE, MISTER SHERIFF, SUH!



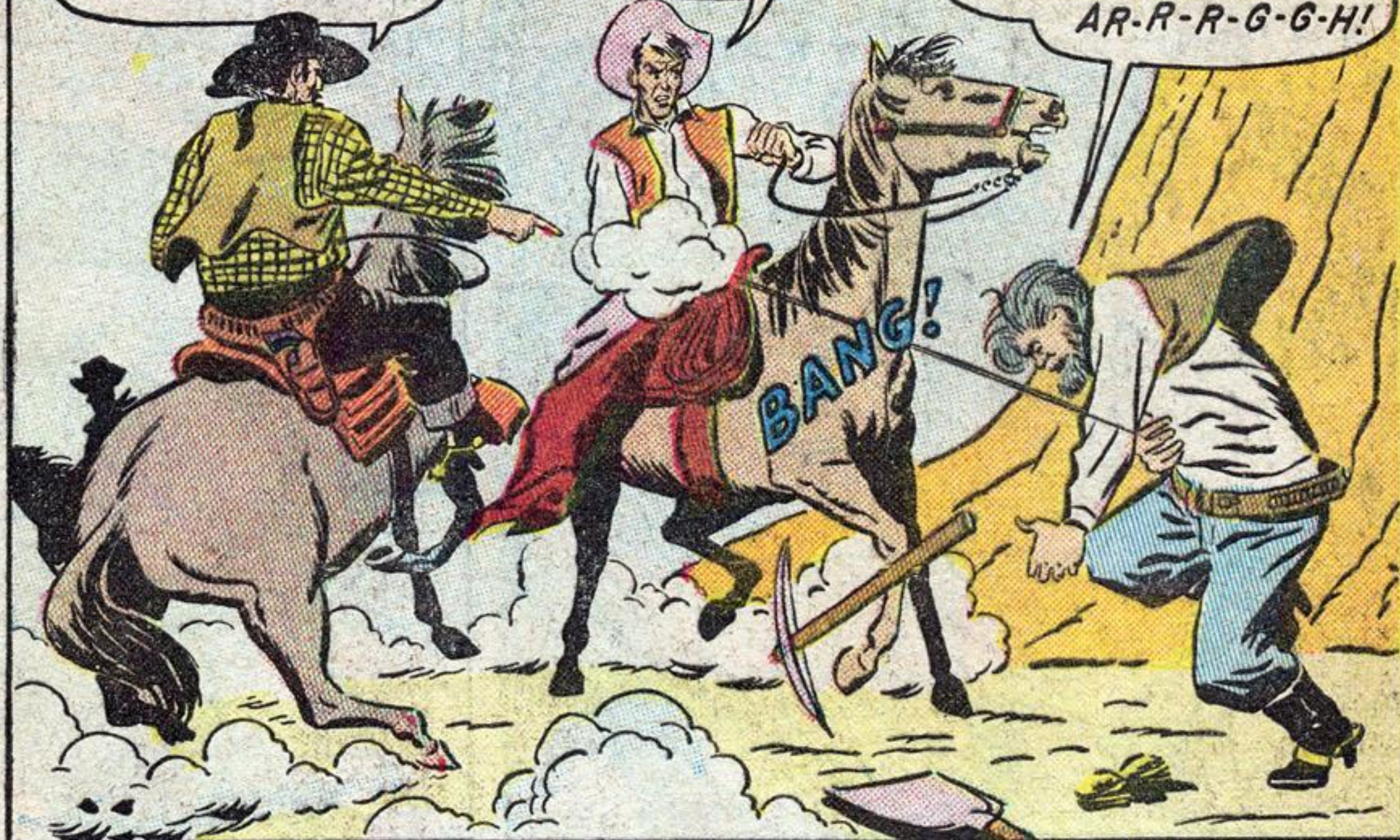
WITH THE DEATH OF THE SHERIFF, THE LAW OF THE GUN BECOMES THE HIGHEST COURT IN LEADVILLE! ORGANIZED CRIME, CARRIED OUT BY TRAINED COLT-HAWKS AND KILLERS, RAGES THROUGH THE VALLEY!



BLAST HIM, WHITEY! IT'S THE CHIEF'S ORDERS!

RIGHT, SNAKE!

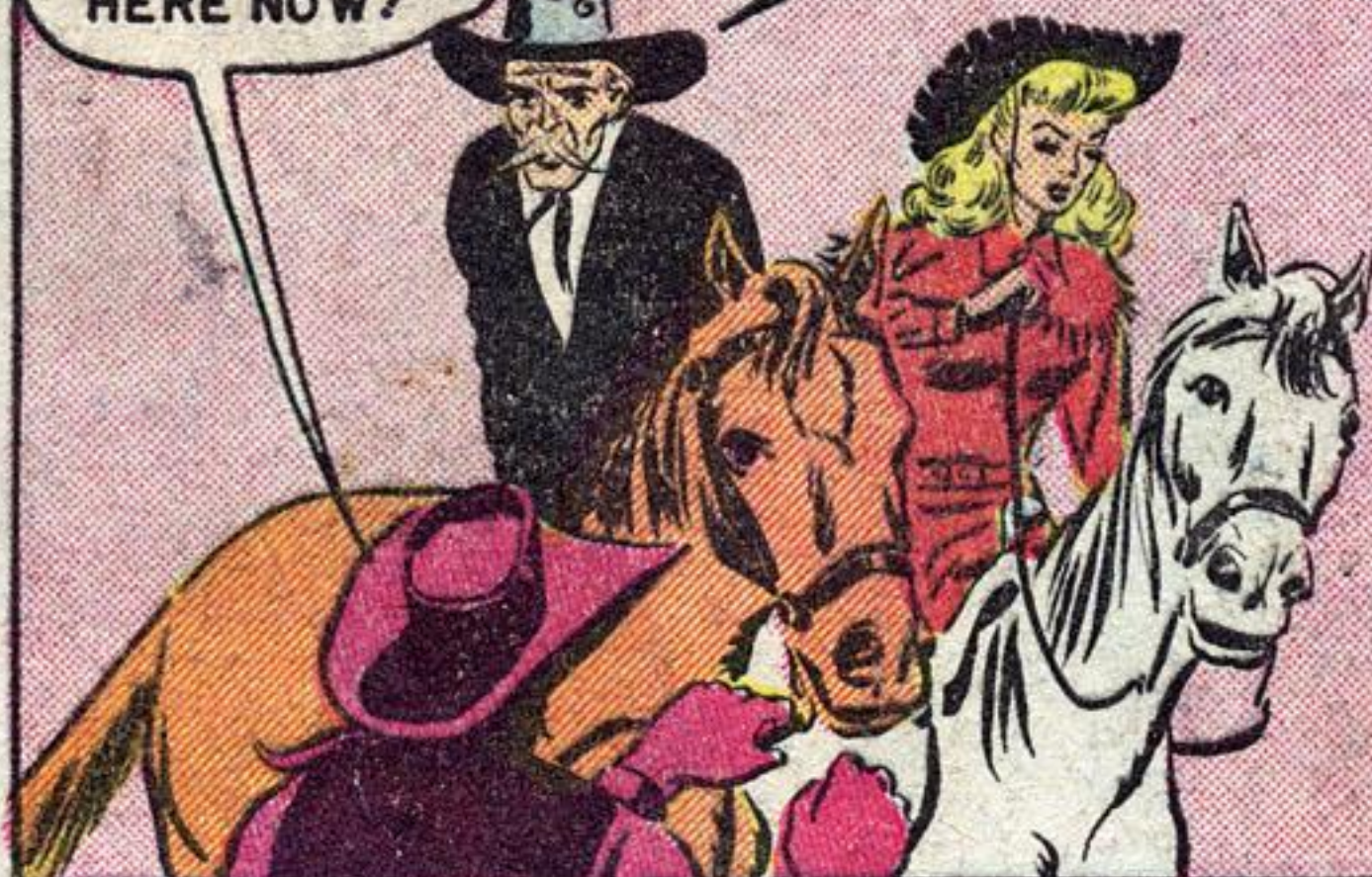
THIS IS MY MINE YOU POLECATS! I'LL--
AR-R-R-G-G-H!



THAT NIGHT THE HONEST CITIZENS OF LEADVILLE MEET IN COLE CAMERON'S BANK! JIM LATHROP, BIGGEST CATTLEMAN IN THE BASIN AND HIS DAUGHTER MARIE, RIDE IN TO ATTEND THE MEETING!

EVENIN' MISS MARIE! GO RIGHT IN, LATHROP-- EVERYBODY'S HERE NOW!

GOOD! I CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM THE SPREAD TOO LONG!



INSIDE THE BANK THE MEETING HAS BEGUN...

...AND WE MUST ORGANIZE JUST AS THE BADMEN HAVE! THE BANK VAULT IS LOADED WITH GOLD AGAIN AND I'M AFRAID OF A RAID ANYTIME, JUST LIKE THE LAST TIME THE VAULTS WERE FULL!



WE'LL SHIP THE GOLD UNDER OUR OWN GUARDS! NOW WE NEED A LEADER HERE! I PROPOSE DOCTOR MATHEW MASTERS!

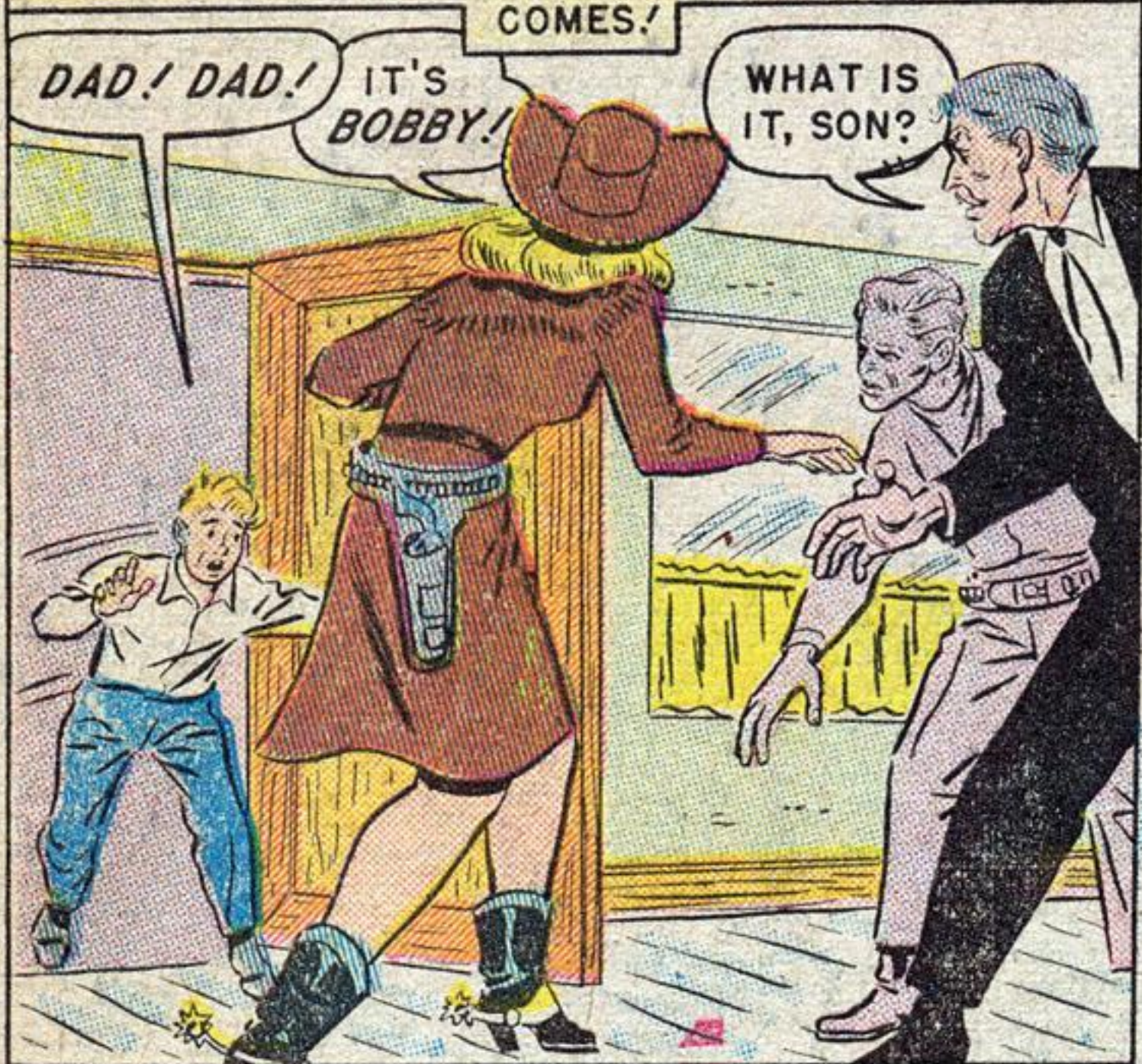
THAT'S RIDICULOUS!



WE NEED A MAN--A WESTERN GUNMAN WITH GUTS, WHO'S WILLING TO RIDE TO GLORY IN SMOKE AND LEAD--NOT AN EASTERN DOCTOR, WHO'S AFRAID OF GUNS AND HORSES, AND HIDES WHEN THE LEAD SINGS!



AS THE MEN STAND UNEASILY WATCHING THE DRAMA BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN UNFOLD, AN INTERRUPTION COMES!

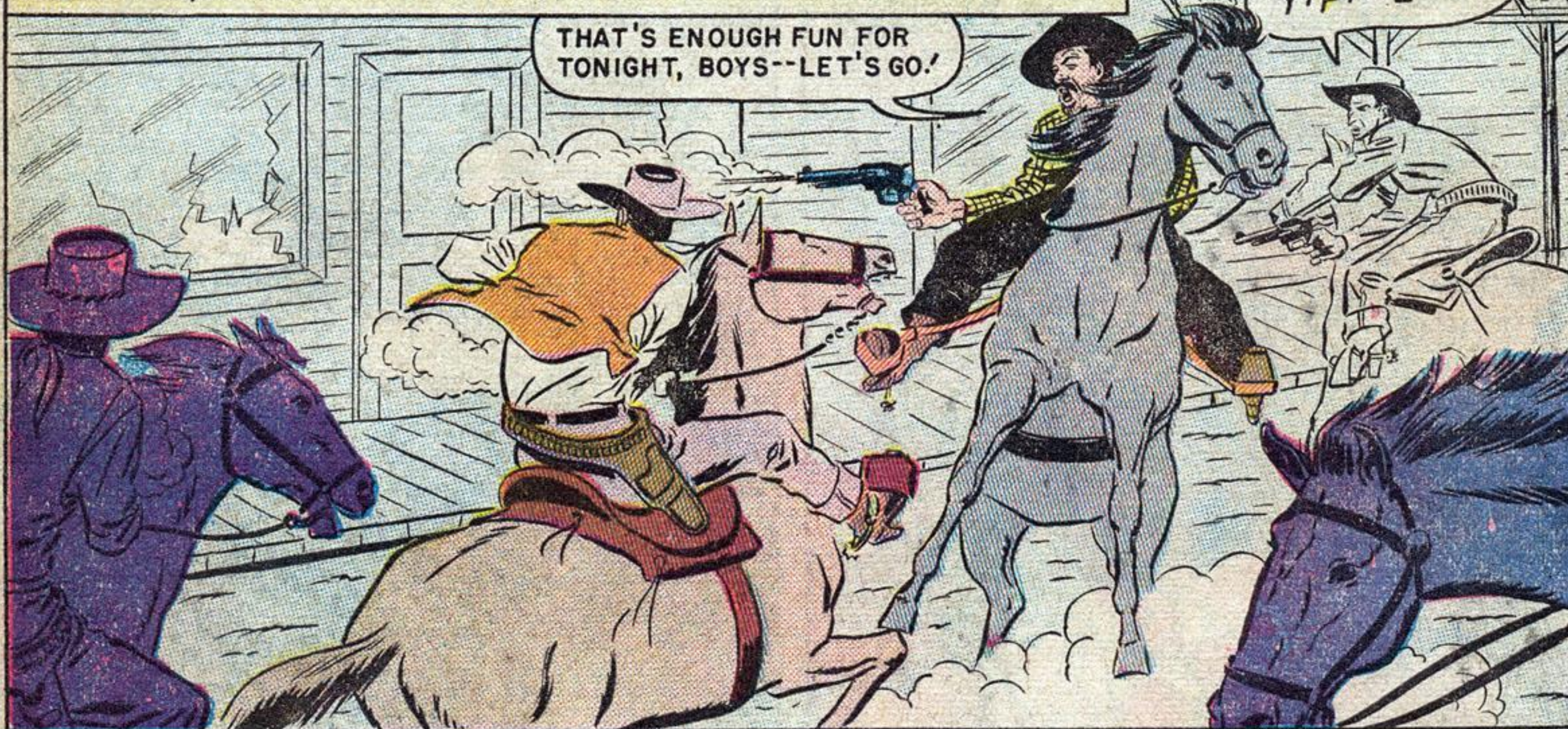


DAD! RAIDERS STRUCK THE RANCH AFTER YOU LEFT AND RAN OFF THOSE CHOICE THREE YEAR OLDS! SOME OF THEM HIT MY TRAIL AN' FOLLOWED ME IN!

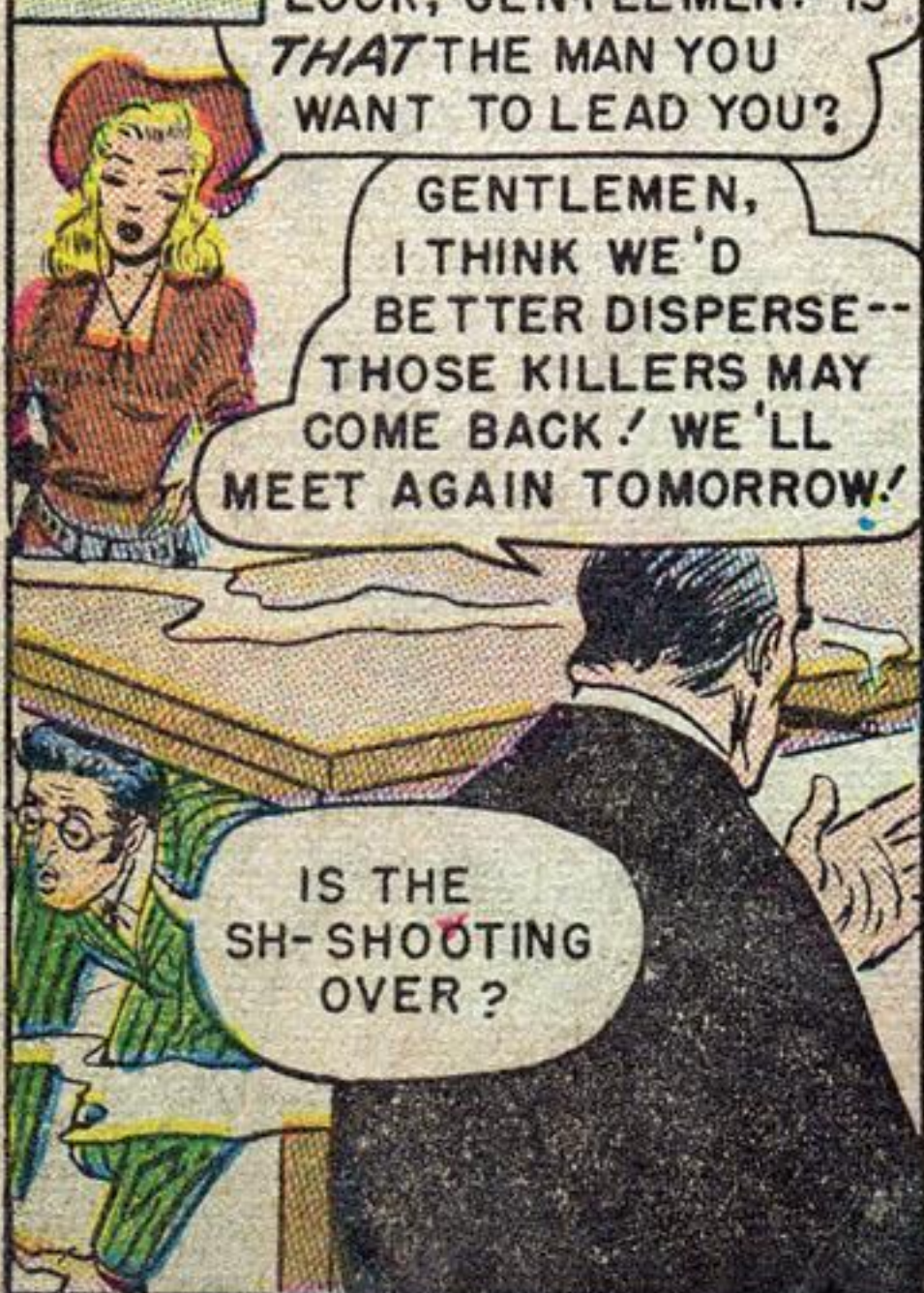
DOWN ON THE FLOOR, MARIE--BOBBY!



THE RAIDERS, ON THE TRAIL OF BOBBY, STRIKE AT THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE!



AS THE SMOKE CLEARS AND QUIET ONCE MORE SETTLES DOWN...



AS THE MEETING BREAKS UP...

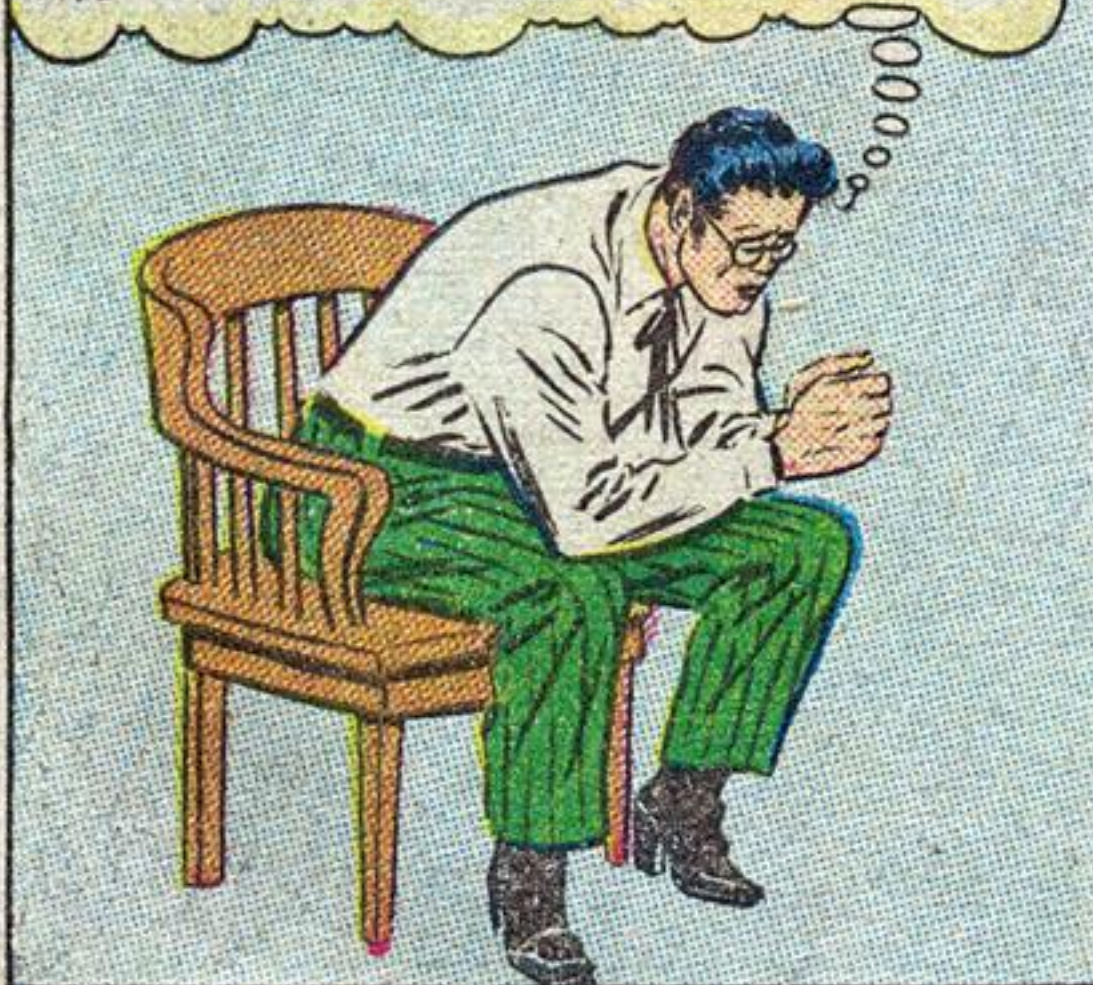


AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

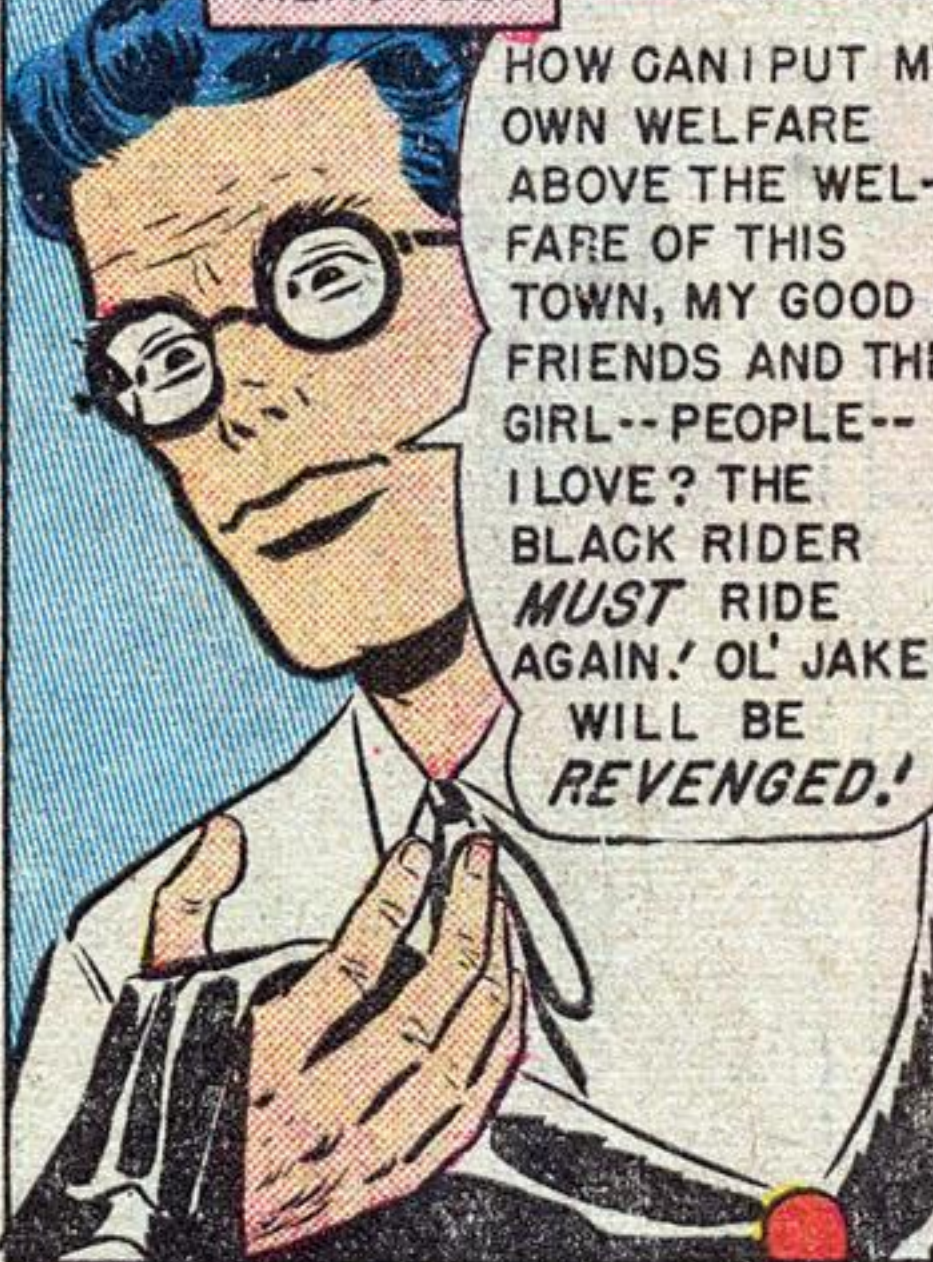


AS THE OLD PROSPECTOR DIES, A STRUGGLE BEGINS ONCE AGAIN, IN THE SOUL AND MIND OF DOCTOR MATHEW MASTERS!

ONLY THE **BLACK RIDER** CAN SUCCESSFULLY COPE WITH THOSE KILLERS! BUT EACH TIME I BECOME THE BLACK RIDER, I FORSAKE MY CHOSEN PROFESSION AND GO BACK TO THE LIFE OF THE **CACTUS KID**-- KILLER-- THE MAN I ONCE WAS!



SUDDENLY THE TIMID DOCTOR'S MILD EYES, HIDDEN BY SPECTACLES, BECOME TWIN POINTS OF STEELY BLUE--A DECISION HAS BEEN REACHED!



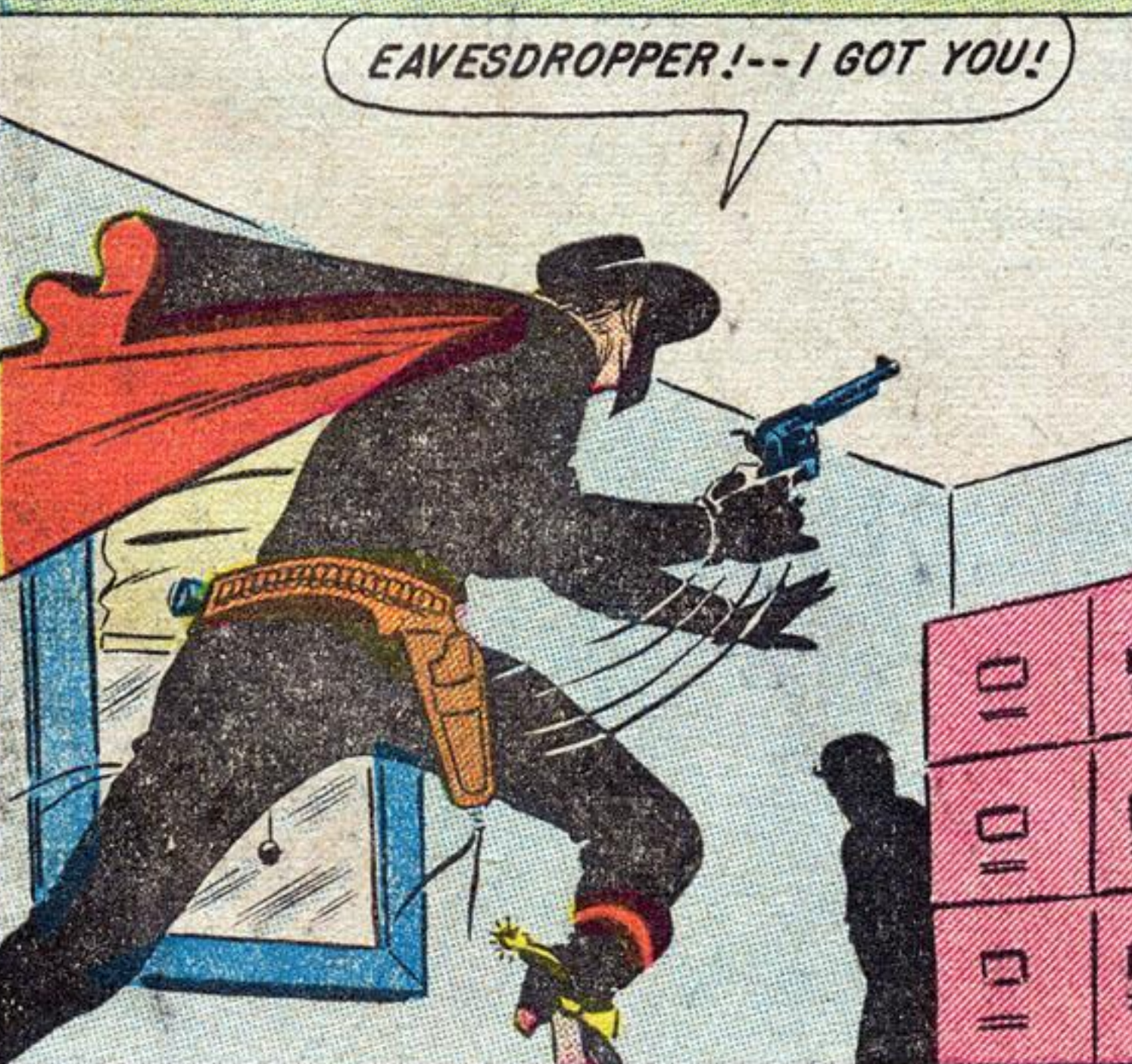
HOW CAN I PUT MY OWN WELFARE ABOVE THE WELFARE OF THIS TOWN, MY GOOD FRIENDS AND THE GIRL-- PEOPLE-- I LOVE? THE **BLACK RIDER** *MUST* RIDE AGAIN! OL' JAKE WILL BE *REVENGED!*

AS MEEK, QUIET, DOCTOR MASTERS CHANGES TO THE MENACING MAN IN BLACK, SUDDENLY A STRANGE FEELING COMES OVER HIM!



I FEEL AS THOUGH UNSEEN EYES ARE WATCHING ME!

THE FEELING BECOMES MORE ACUTE! THEN--A SHADOW AGAINST THE WALL SEEMS TO MOVE AND BREATHE!



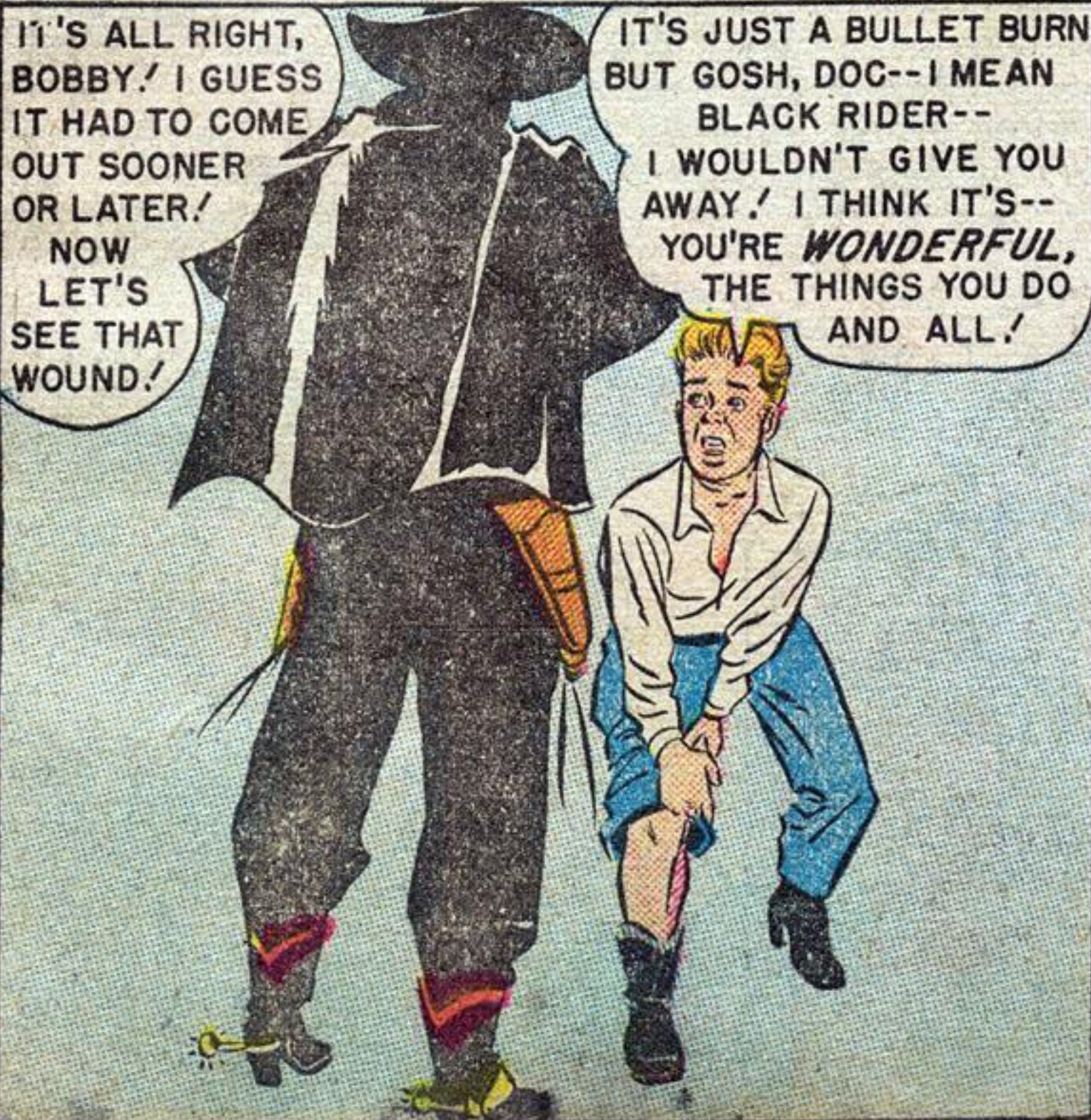
EAVESDROPPER!-- I GOT YOU!

BOBBY LATHROP!



PLEASE, DOC--ER-- **BLACK RIDER**, I DIDN'T MEAN--I--I WAS WOUNDED BY SNAKE BOSTWICK AN' I DIDN'T WANT DAD OR MARIE TO KNOW SO I SNEAKED IN HERE--BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, **BOBBY!** I GUESS IT HAD TO COME OUT SOONER OR LATER! NOW LET'S SEE THAT WOUND!



IT'S JUST A BULLET BURN BUT GOSH, DOC--I MEAN **BLACK RIDER**-- I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU AWAY! I THINK IT'S-- YOU'RE *WONDERFUL*, THE THINGS YOU DO AND ALL!

THERE, **BOBBY!** I'LL KEEP *YOUR* SECRET, ABOUT THE WOUND, IF YOU'LL KEEP *MINE!*



MUM'S THE WORD, DOC! BUT, GEE, WOULDN'T *MARIE* BE FLABBERGASTED IF SHE KNEW WHO THE **BLACK RIDER** *REALLY* IS?

REMEMBER, BOBBY, YOU
PLEGGED YOUR WORD
AND THE WORD OF A
WESTERNER IS
NEVER BROKEN!

I SWEAR I'LL
**NEVER TELL
ANYBODY**
WHO THE
BLACK RIDER
REALLY IS!

NOW I MUST RIDE
TO FIND THE
KILLERS OF OLD
JAKE AND BRING
JUSTICE TO
THEM!

I SAW
WHITEY
AND
SNAKE GO
INTO THE
SANTONE
SALOON!

QUICKLY THE BLACK RIDER ENTERS
THE STABLE! DOCTOR MASTERS'
TIRED LOOKING CAYUSE TURNS HIS
LOW HUNG, LIFELESS HEAD!

SATAN! LOOK ALIVE,
BOY, WE RIDE
AGAIN TONIGHT!

SO A SOLEMN OATH IS PLEDGED
BETWEEN MAN AND BOY--A PROMISE
SEALED UNTO DEATH!

AT THE SIGHT OF THE BLACK RIDER, UP COMES THE
WHITE HEAD! NOSTRILS FLARE RED, NECK ARCHES,
MIGHTY MUSCLES BUNCH UNDER SILK-SMOOTH HIDE!
IN A MOMENT THE DOCTOR'S NAG IS GONE AND IN
HIS PLACE STANDS SATAN, THE GREAT WHITE
STALLION, THE WORLD'S GREATEST HORSE!

STEEL SHOD HOOFS BEAT A RAPID TATTOO, A
THRILLING CRY PEALS OUT--THE BLACK RIDER
RIDES THE VENGEANCE TRAIL!

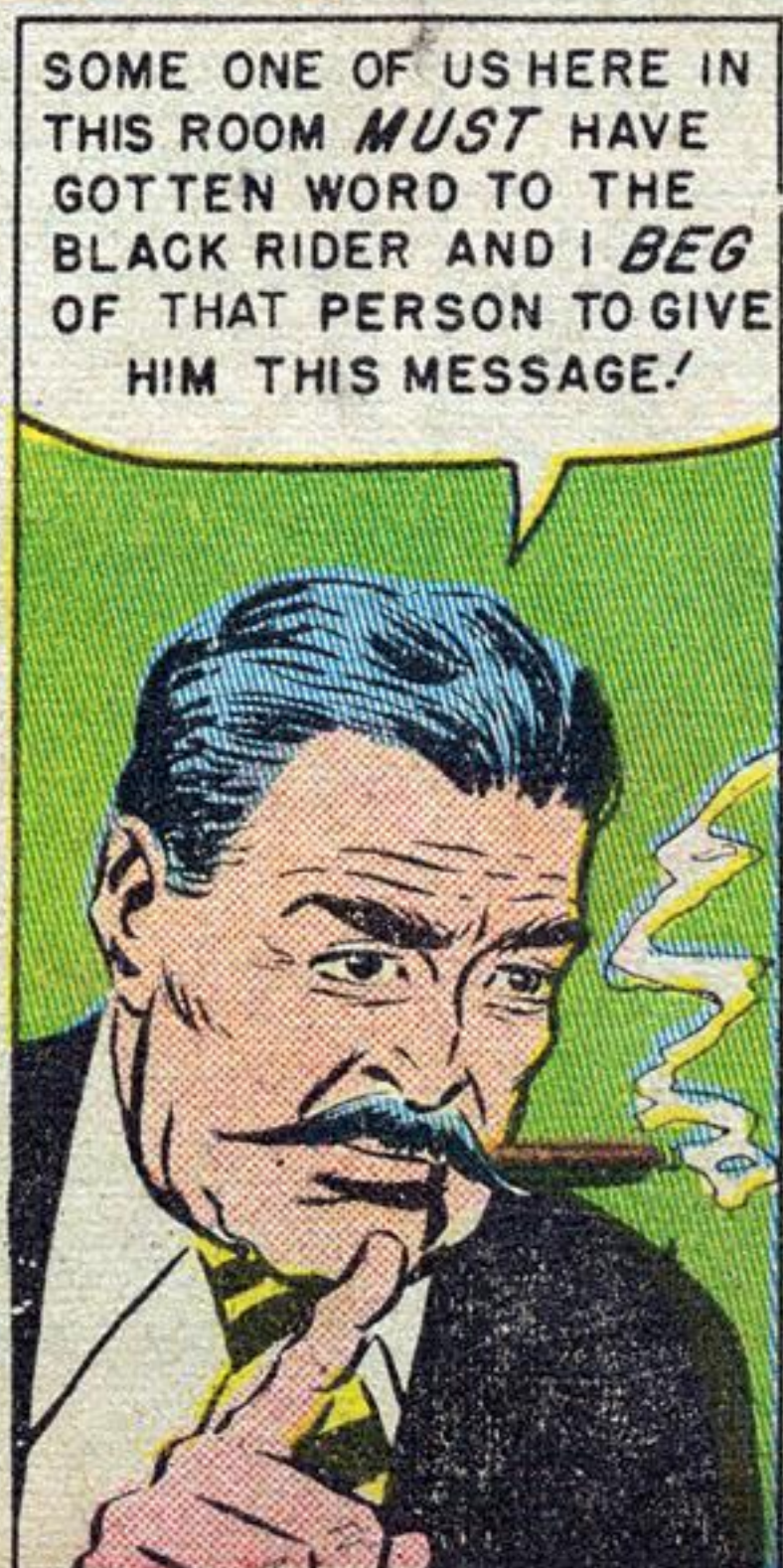
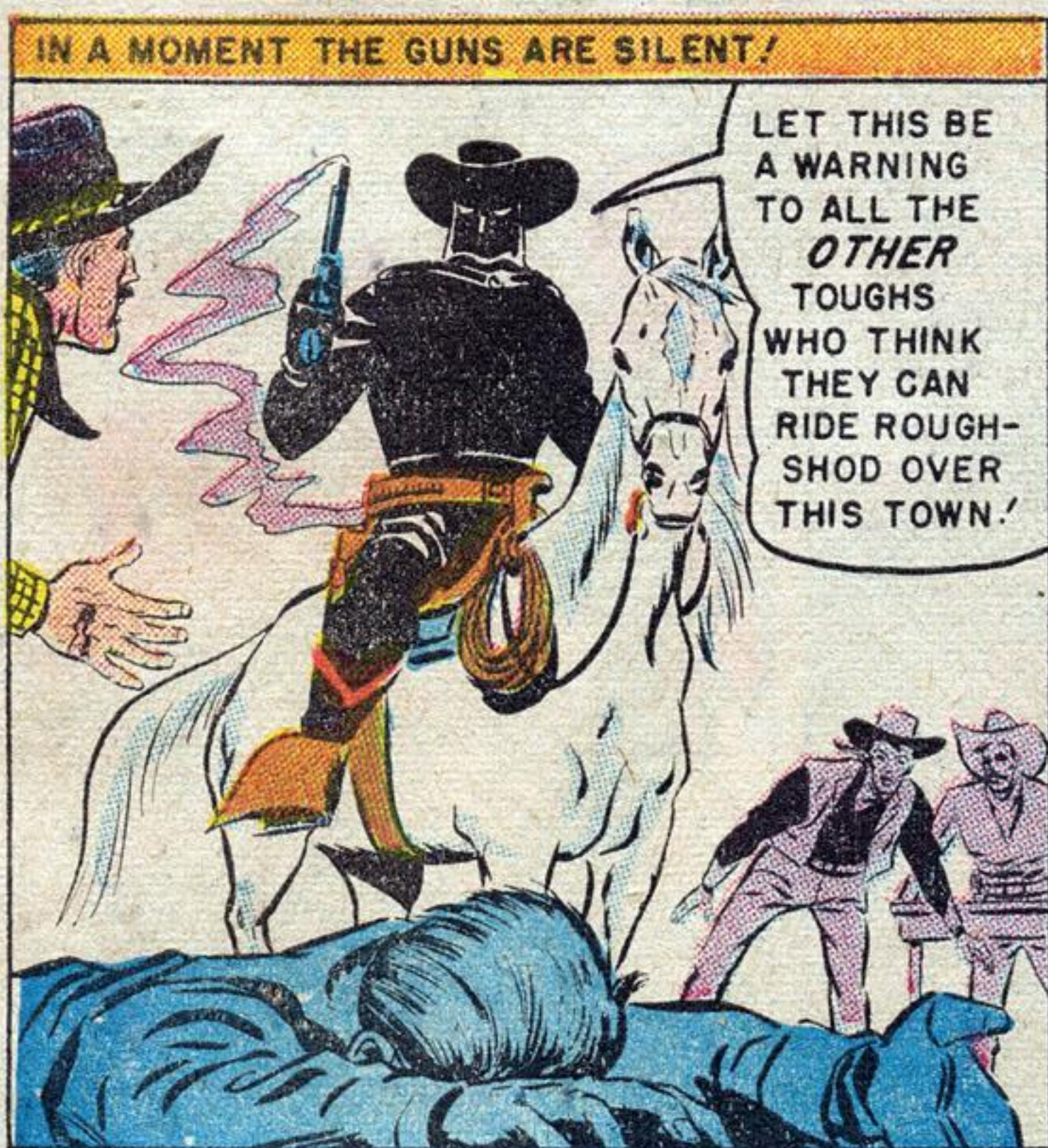
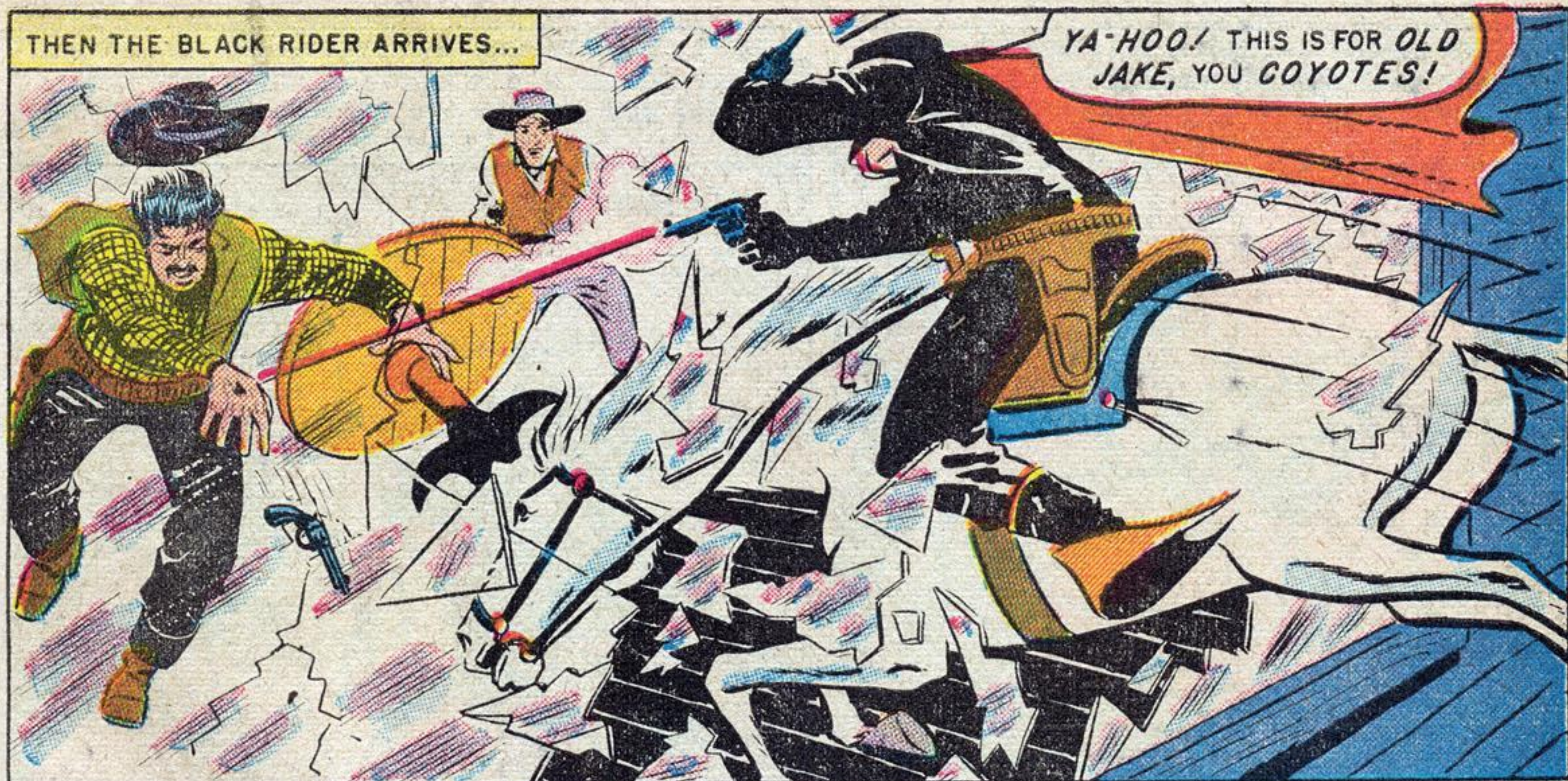
YA-HOO,
SATAN!
ONWARD!

THE BLACK RIDER'S RINGING CALL IS HEARD BY
THE DEADLY KILLERS, WHITEY THE ALBINO AND
SNAKE!

HEAR THAT,
SNAKE? IT'S THE
BLACK RIDER
HEADIN' THIS
WAY!

I HEARD OF THAT GENT AND
FIGGERED TO MEET HIM
BEHIND SIX-GUNS!

LOUDER AND LOUDER THE BEATING
HOOFS ECHO! THE TWO KILLERS
STAND TENSE, WAITING TO FLASH
INTO BLOOD-SPILLING ACTION...



AN HOUR LATER! THE SUN IS SETTING AND PURPLE SHADOWS CAST DANCING SILHOUETTES AS A DEADLY BLACK FIGURE, RIDING A PRANCING WHITE STALLION, APPROACHES THE BANKER'S HOME!

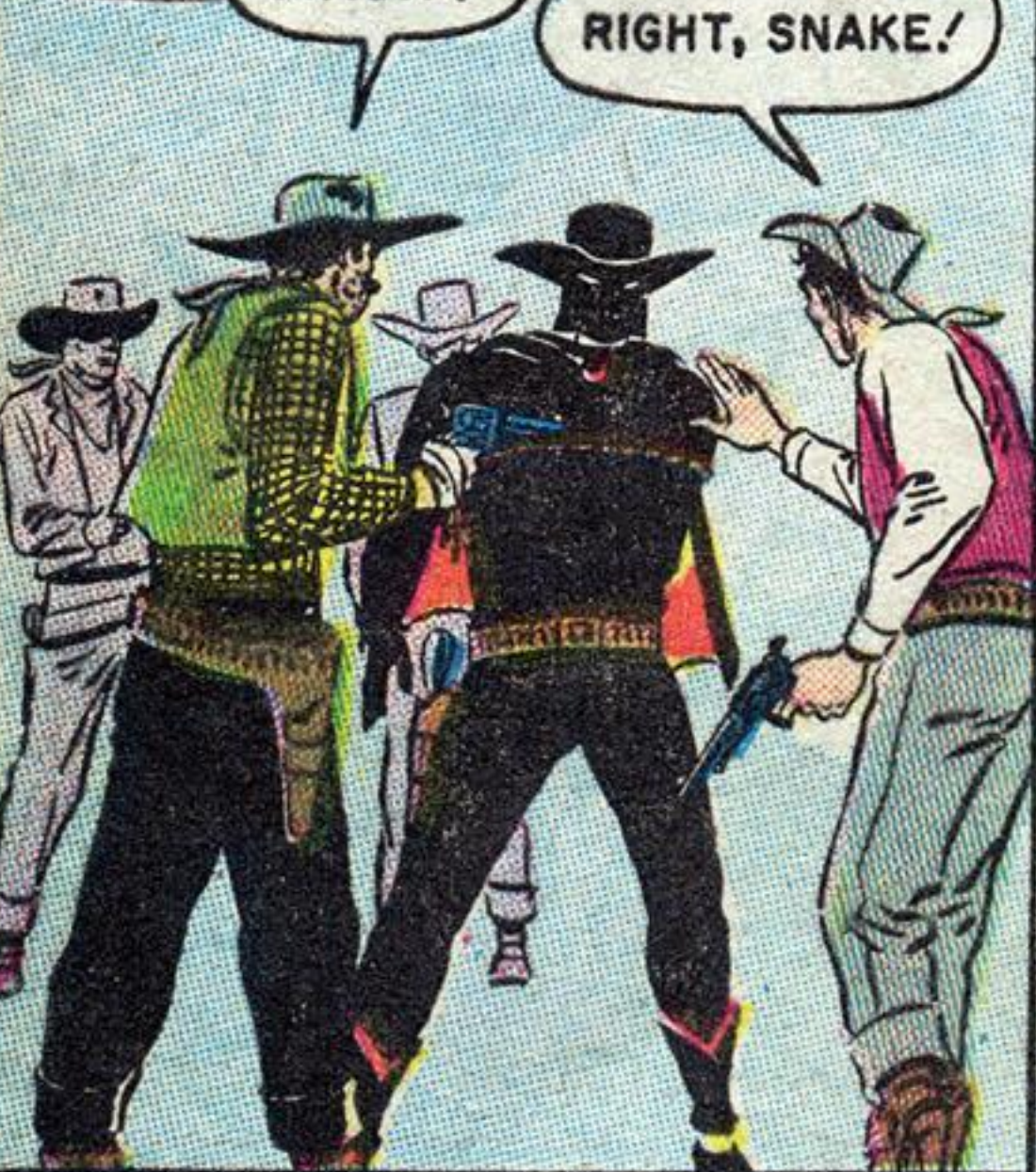


I DON'T LIKE THIS, SATAN! THINGS DON'T FEEL RIGHT!

SUDDENLY LARIATS HISS THROUGH THE AIR! MEN RISE UP AROUND THE GREAT STALLION, THE DYING LIGHT GLINTS ON STEEL GUN-BARRELS--A CAREFULLY LAID TRAP HAS BEEN SPRUNG!



BEFORE I HANG YA, MISTER--AS A WARNING TO THE TOWNSMEN NOT TO BUCK US, I WANNA SEE YOUR FACE! BUCK! RIP OFF THAT MASK!



A HAIRY HAND REACHES OUT --THE MAN IN BLACK STANDS TENSE, MOTIONLESS, AS THE FINGERS HOOK TO GRASP THE COVERING MASK!



OW-W! MY HAND! SOMEBODY SHOT ME!



THEN LIKE A BLOOD-MAD GHOST, SATAN, THE WORLD'S GREATEST HORSE, GOES INTO ACTION!



THE BLACK RIDER SEES HIS CHANCE! IN THE CONFUSION HE BATTLES FREE OF THE TOUGHS WITH IRON FIST AND BLASTING COLT!



BURN HIM DOWN!

A FLYING MOUNT, A FLASH OF BLACK AND GLEAMING WHITE, AND THE BLACK RIDER IS GONE!



YOU *FOOLS*, YOU LET HIM GET *AWAY*!

HE GOT JOE AND DUKE!

IN THE GLOOM OF DR. MATHEW MASTERS' STABLE, A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

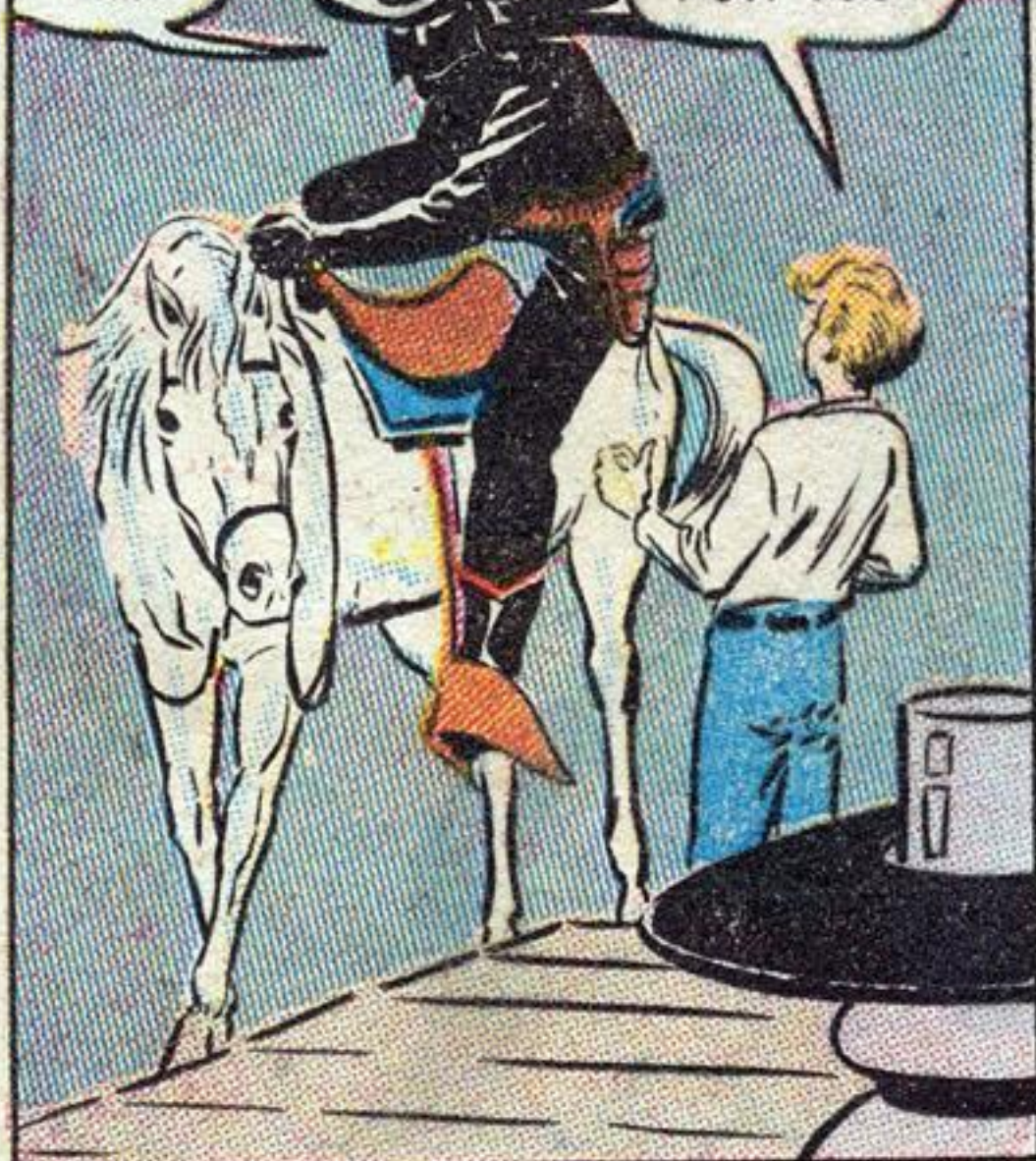
BOBBY, WHAT ARE YOU-- THAT RIFLE-- THE BULLET THAT SAVED MY LIFE WAS FIRED BY A SMALL CALIBER RIFLE, I COULD TELL BY THE REPORT!

YOU GOT GOOD EARS, DOC-- ER-- BLACK RIDER! THIS HERE .22 SURE SHOOTS MIGHTY STRAIGHT!



BOBBY, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

AW, SKIP IT! I WAITED HERE TO TELL YOU THAT DAD, MARIE, AND MISTER CAMERON ARE IN YOUR OFFICE WAITIN' FOR YOU!



A MOMENT LATER, DOCTOR MASTERS ENTERS HIS OFFICE, NOT AS THE MAN OF HEALING, BUT AS...

THE *BLACK RIDER*!

YES! I HEARD YOU WANTED ME TO LEAD YOU AGAINST THE BADMEN IN LEADVILLE!

YES, WE DO!



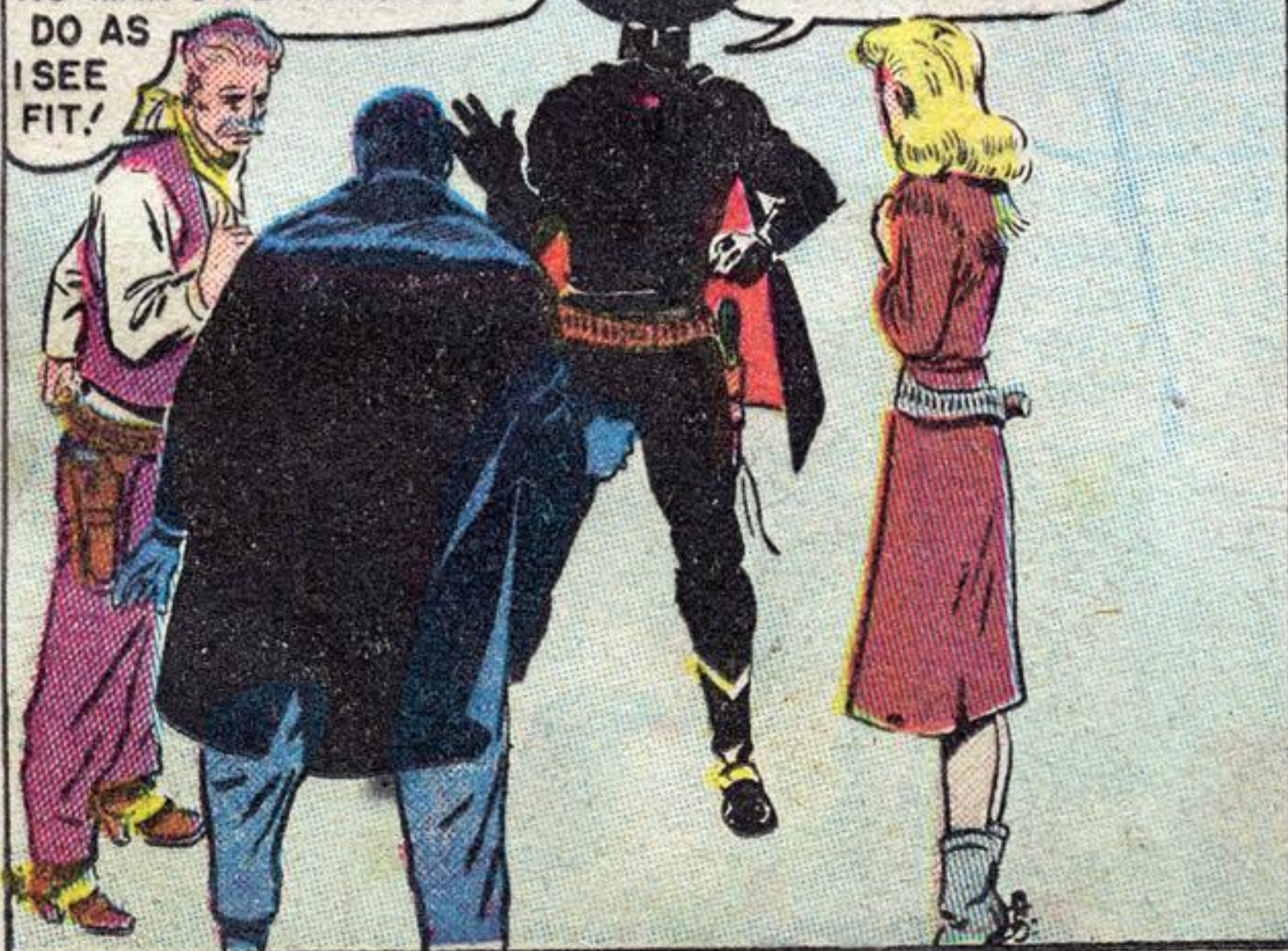
WAIT! BEFORE YOU RISK YOUR LIFE MISTER, I OUGHTA TELL YOU THAT I WIRED THE GOVERNOR TO SEND SOLDIERS TO CLEAN OUT THIS RAT'S NEST!



SOLDIERS! LATHROP, YOU TOLD ME NOTHING OF THIS! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN INFORMED!

CAMERON, YOU MAY OWN THE BANK, BUT I'M THE BIGGEST CATTLEMAN IN THESE PARTS AND I ASK NO MAN'S PERMISSION TO DO AS I SEE FIT!

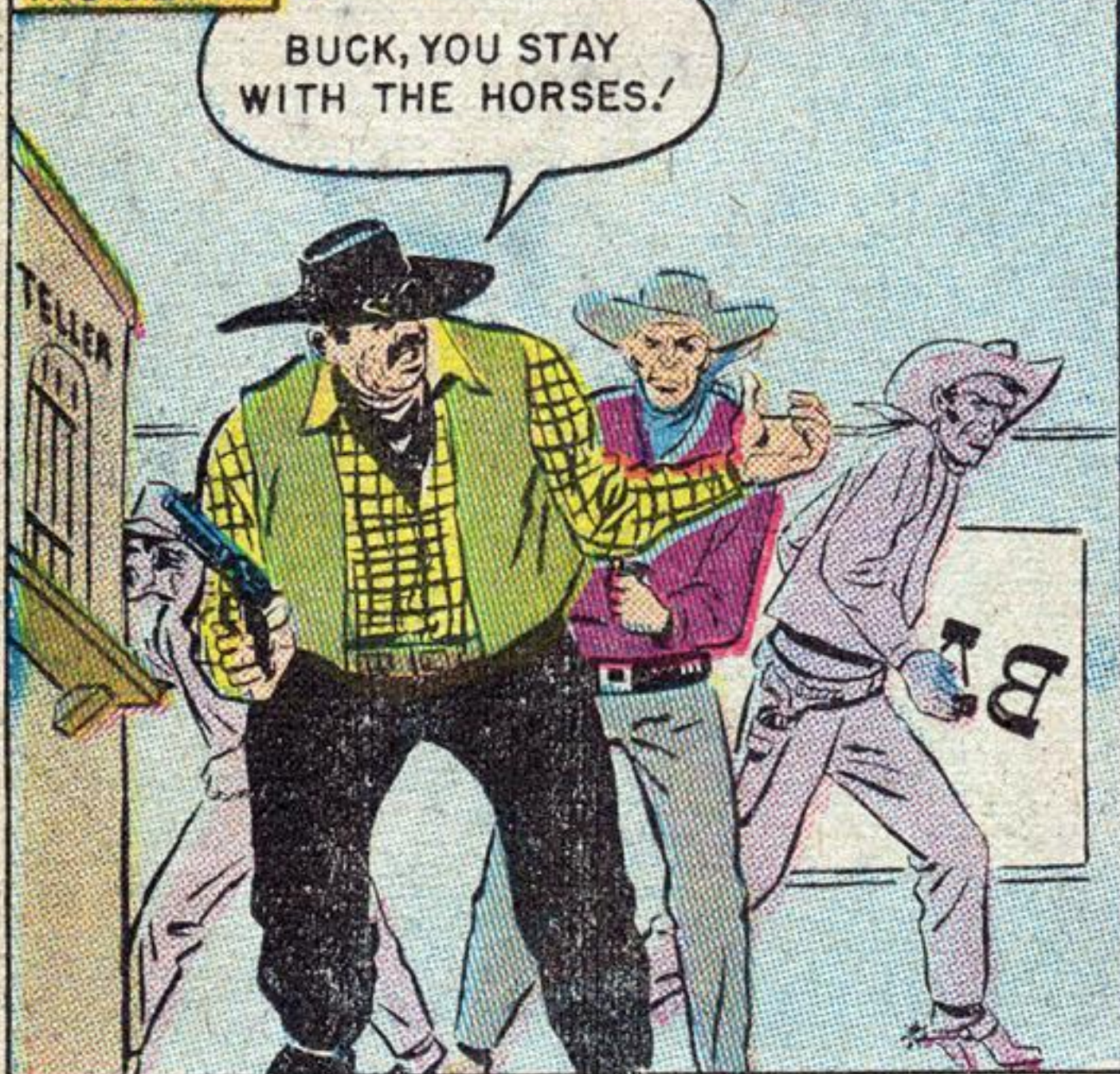
WAIT, GENTLEMEN! THE MILITIA MAY NOT GET HERE FOR WEEKS! MEANWHILE MANY HONEST MEN WILL BE KILLED! I PROPOSE WE *STRIKE NOW*!



HE'S RIGHT! LISTEN-- MY BANK IS LOADED WITH GOLD FROM THE MINERS AN' I HAVE A HUNCH THOSE KILLERS WILL STRIKE SOON--MAYBE TONIGHT! WE'LL GET THE MEN TOGETHER, AND WITH THE BLACK RIDER TO LEAD US, WE'LL *SMASH* THEM!

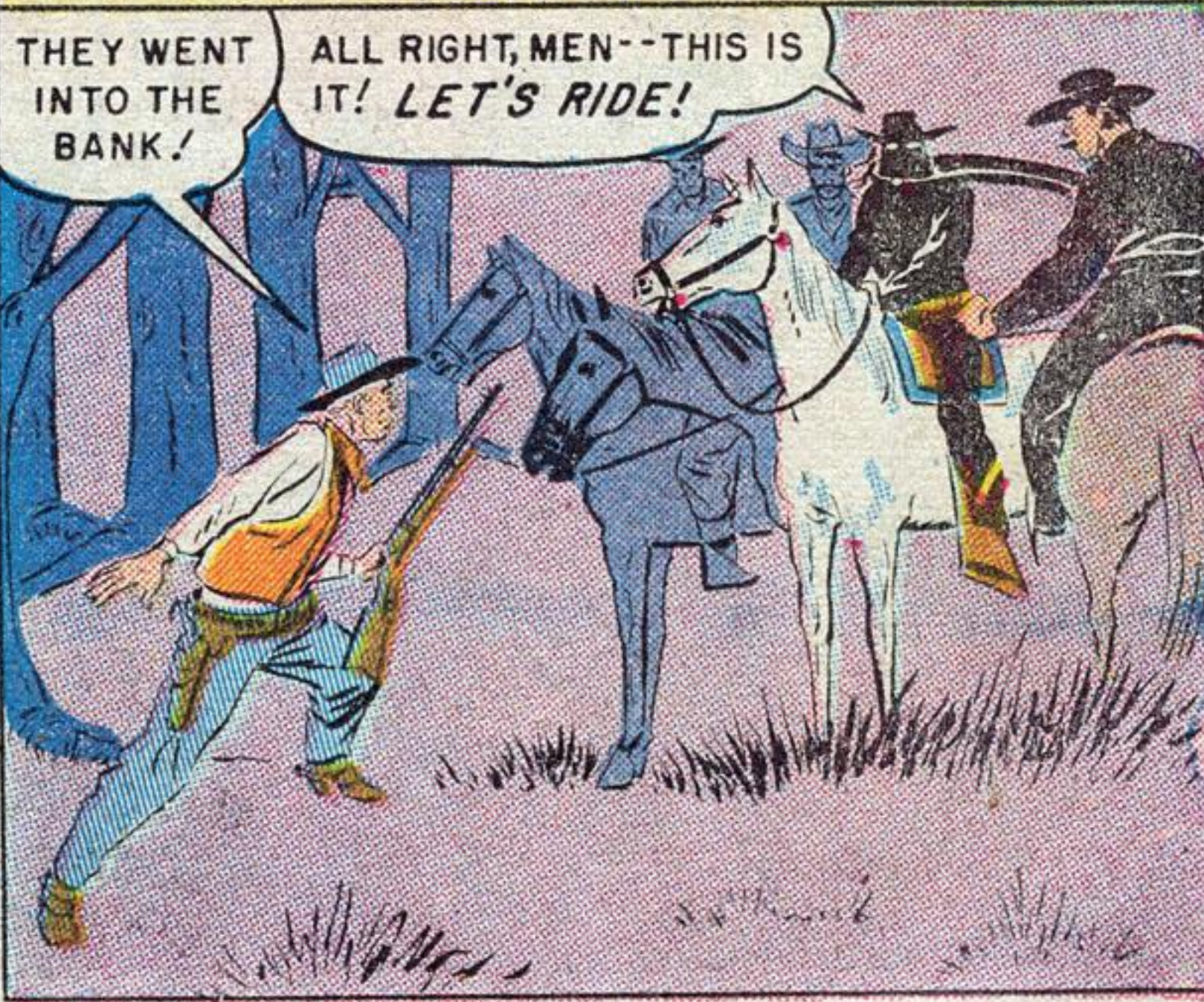


LATER THAT NIGHT, A BAND OF HARD-EYED MEN QUIETLY FORCE THE BANK DOORS AND SLIP INSIDE...



BUCK, YOU STAY WITH THE HORSES!

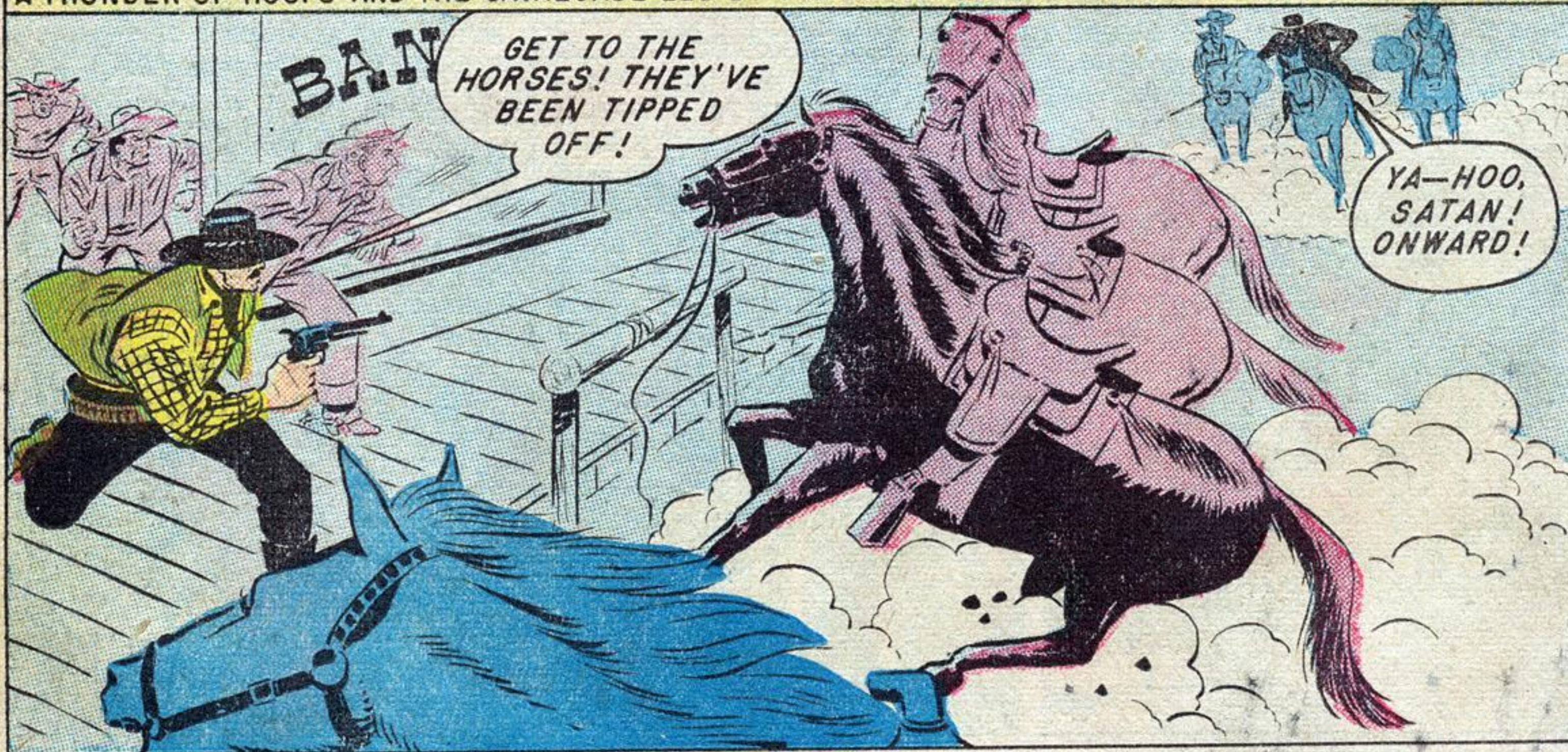
A SHADOW DETACHES ITSELF FROM A STORE PORCH NEARBY AND HURRIES TO ANOTHER BAND OF MEN IN THE TREE BELT...



THEY WENT INTO THE BANK!

ALL RIGHT, MEN--THIS IS IT! LET'S RIDE!

A THUNDER OF HOOFS AND THE CAVALCADE LED BY THE BLACK RIDER SWEEPS TOWARD THE BANK...



BAN

GET TO THE HORSES! THEY'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF!

YA-HOO, SATAN! ONWARD!



I'LL GET YA--OW-W-W!

I WANT YOU ALIVE, SNAKE!

SPARKED BY THE FIGHTING FURY OF THE BLACK RIDER, THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE SMASH THE RENEGADES AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS, ONLY ONE OF THE KILLERS REMAINS ALIVE!

WELL, CAMERON, THAT WAS A GOOD HUNCH OF YOURS THAT THE BANK WAS GOIN' TO BE ROBBED TONIGHT!

HUNCH? CAMERON TOLD YOU THAT? WHY THE...



LOOKOUT, HE'S GOIN' FOR A HIDEOUT GUN!

STOP, CAMERON!

AR-R-RG-G-H!

CAMERON, YOU KNOW HE HAD NO HIDEOUT GUN! YOU KILLED HIM TO KEEP HIM FROM TELLING WHO WAS THE BRAINS BEHIND HIS GANG OF CUTTHROATS! YOU WERE THE BRAINS, CAMERON -- *YOU!*

THAT'S *PREPOSTEROUS!*



HOW DID SNAKE AND HIS MEN KNOW WHEN THE BANK SHIPPED GOLD AND WHEN THE VAULTS WERE FULL? HOW DID THEY KNOW ABOUT THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE AND ABOUT MY RENDEZVOUS AT YOUR HOME?

YOU'RE CRAZY! IF I WAS THE HEAD OF THIS GANG WHY DID I WANT TO HELP YOU DESTROY THEM?



WHEN YOU HEARD LATHROP HAD CALLED IN THE MILITIA YOU KNEW THE JIG WAS UP, SO YOU FIGGERED IF THE GANG WAS WIPED OUT, NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW YOU WERE THE *LEADER!*

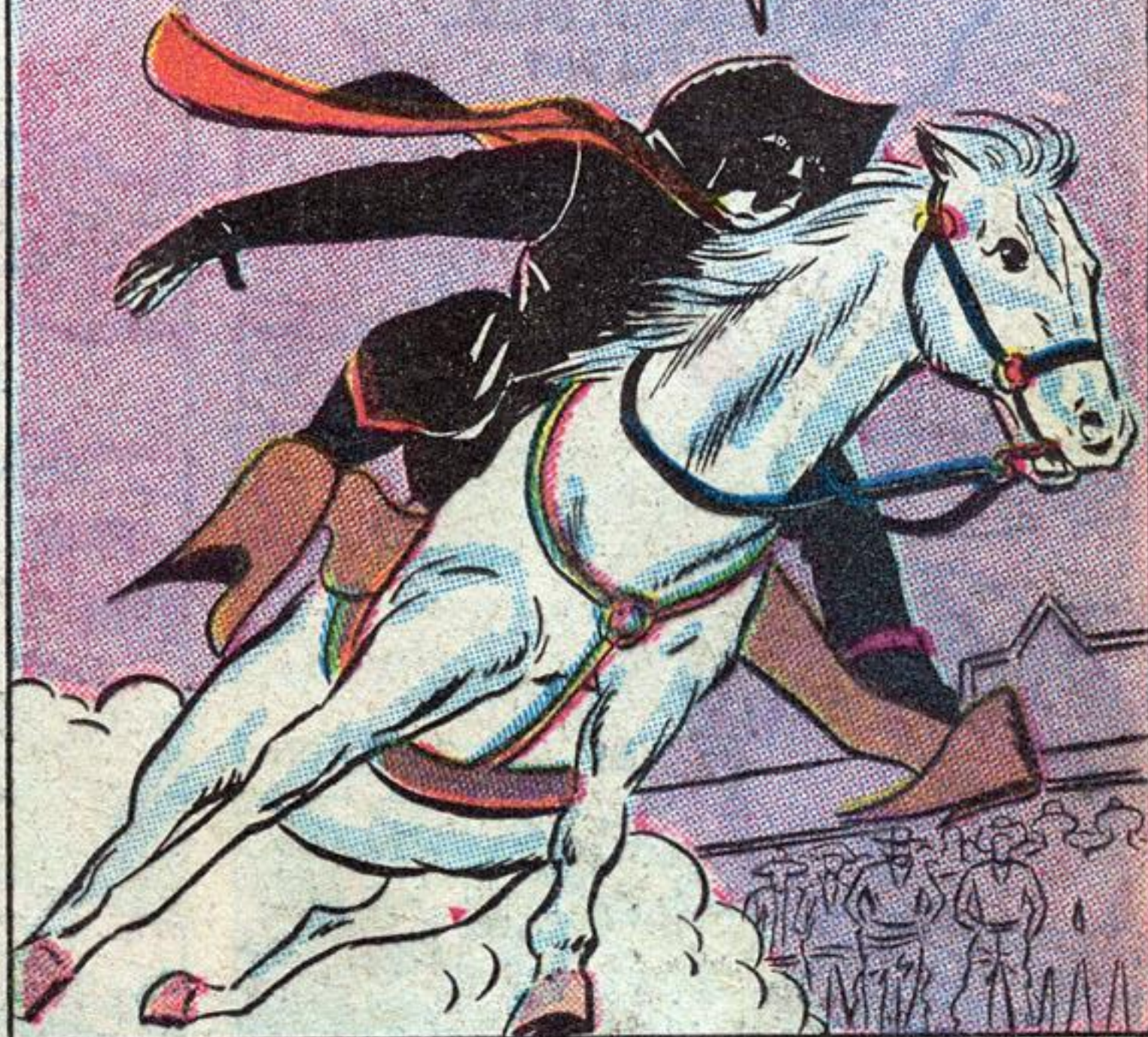
YOU GOT ME, YOU BLACK DEVIL, BUT I'LL GET YOU-- WITH *LEAD!*



TWO GUNS BLAST THEIR MESSAGE OF DEATH, ONE A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE OTHER! JUSTICE HAS AT LAST CAUGHT UP WITH FRANK CAMERON!



YA-HOO, SATAN! ONWARD!



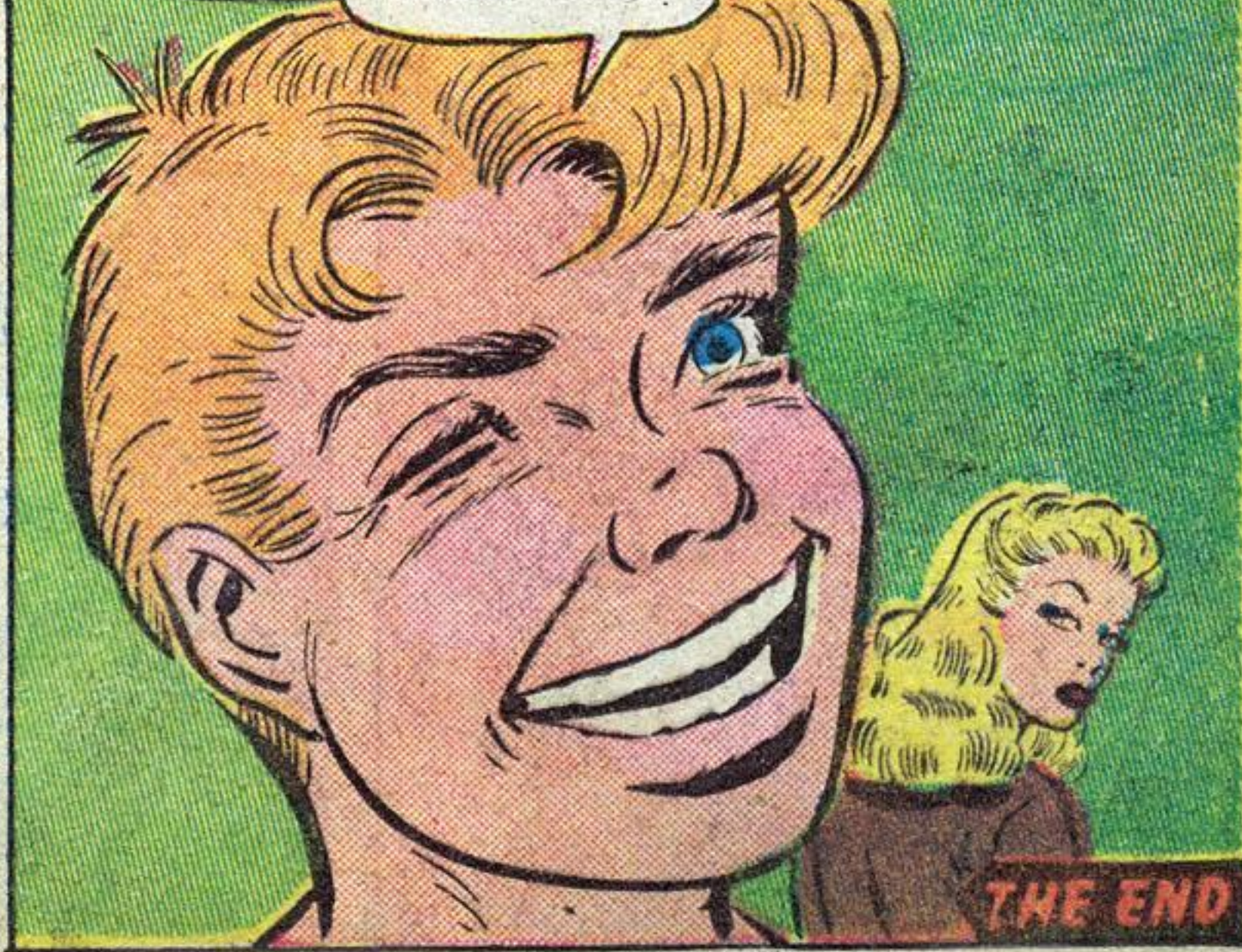
PEACE COMES TO LEADVILLE BASIN, AND SOMETIME LATER AT THE LATHROP RANCH. .

HEY, *S/S!* HERE COMES DOC MASTERS! HE'S A SWELL GUY!

WHAT YOU SEE IN THAT PIPSQUEAK IS BEYOND ME! WHEN THE BLACK RIDER LED THE MEN AGAINST SNAKE'S KILLERS, YOUR COWARDLY FRIEND, THE DOCTOR, WAS AS USUAL, NOT THERE! THE BLACK RIDER-- NOW *THERE'S A REAL MAN!* (SIGH!)-- WHY COULDN'T IT BE THE BLACK RIDER RIDING IN?



MAYBE THE BLACK RIDER IS CLOSER THAN YOU THINK, SIS! DOC'S NOT SUCH A BAD GUY-- AFTER ALL, NOT EVERYBODY CAN BE A BLACK RIDER!



THE END

KID COLT

IN
"REWARD
FOR
DEATH!"

WITH
DANNY POMEROY
ASHER POMEROY
SHERIFF FOSTER
COMANCHE BRIGGS
AND
FEATURING
STEEL,
THE GREAT
STEELDUST STALLION



4572

THIS PANHANDLE RANGE IS
PRETTY DRY THIS TIME OF
THE YEAR, EH, STEEL,
OLD FELLER?

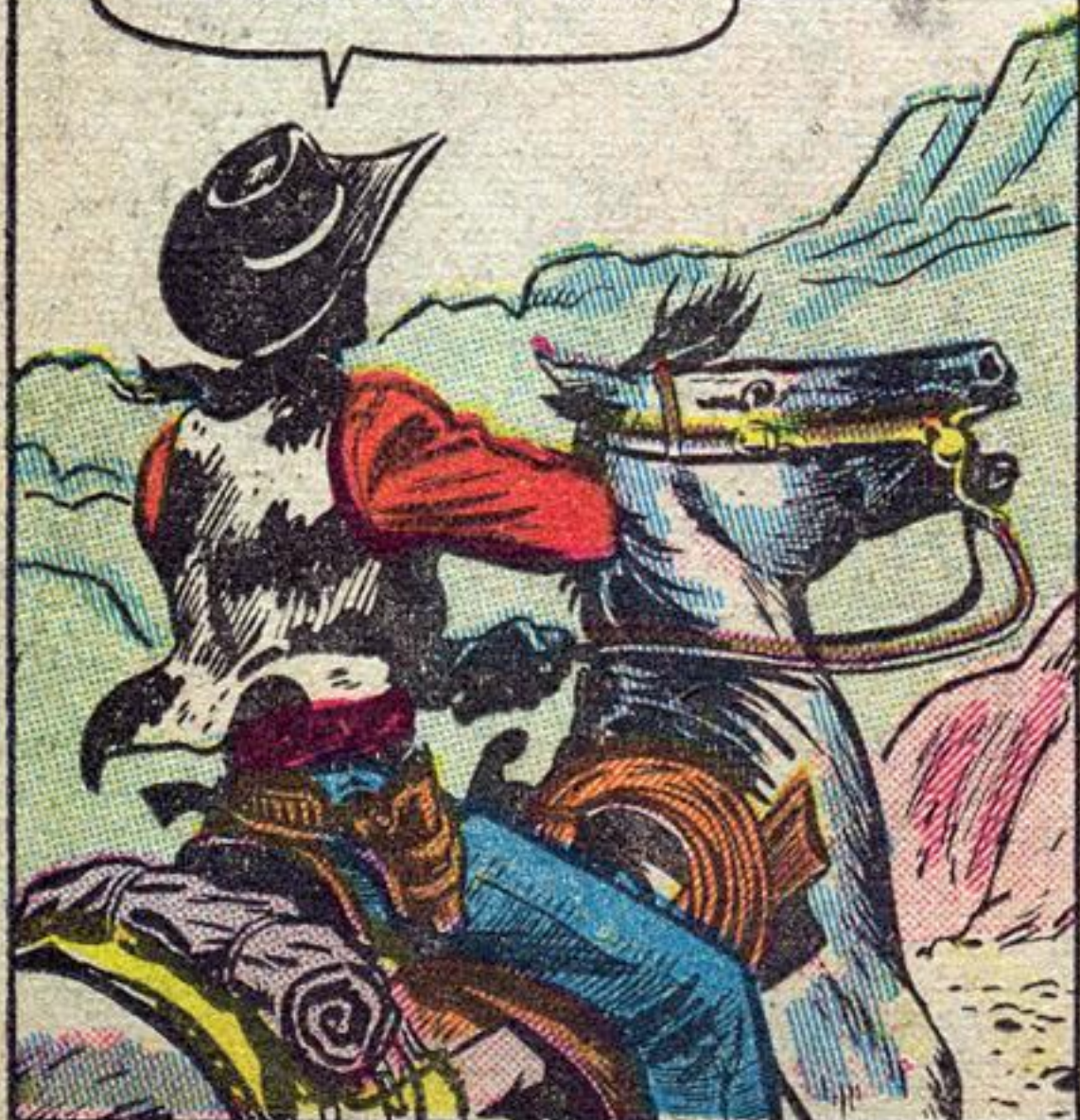


WATCH IT, MEN! THIS
HOMBRE 'PEARS TO BE
LEATHER-TOUGH!

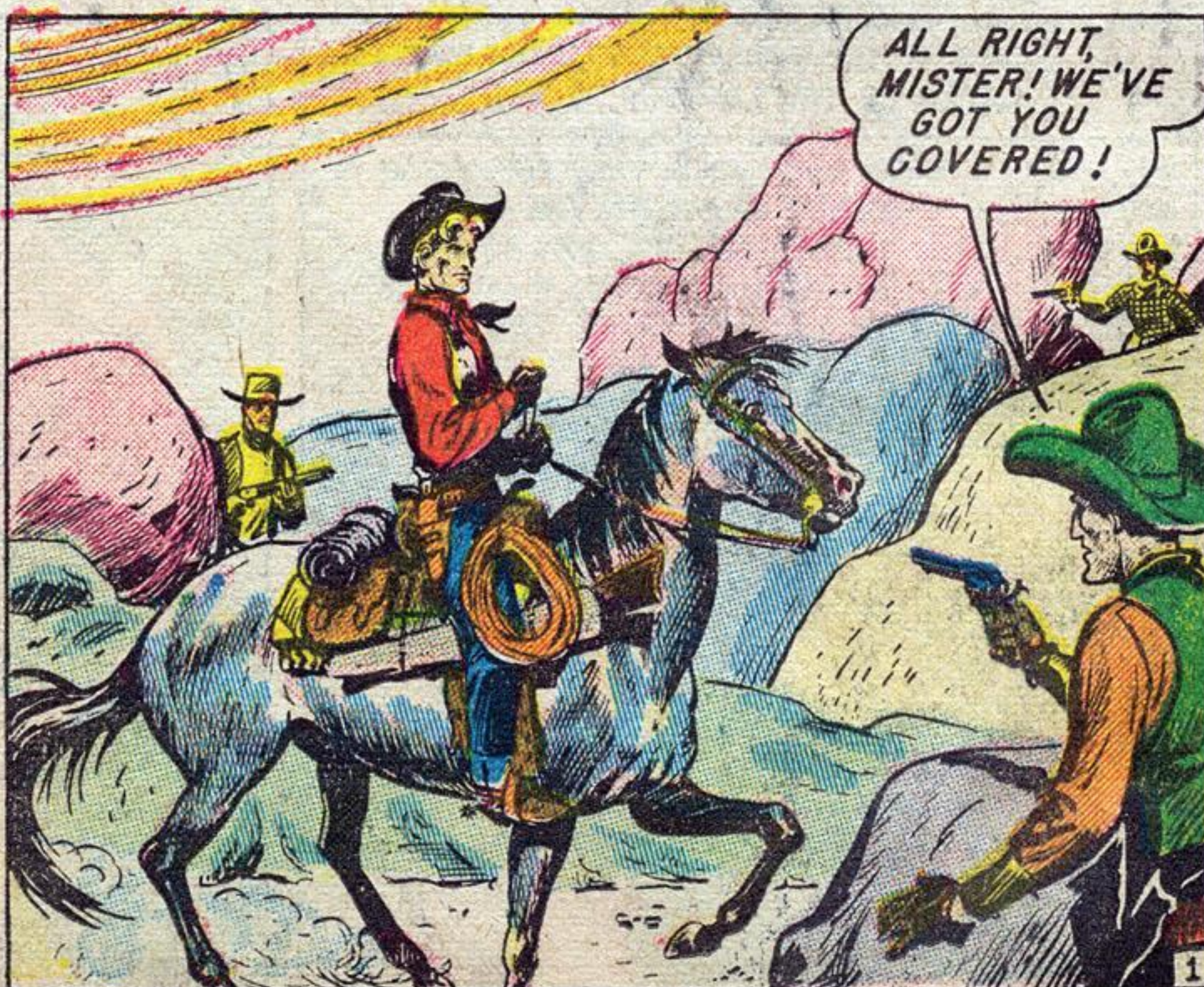


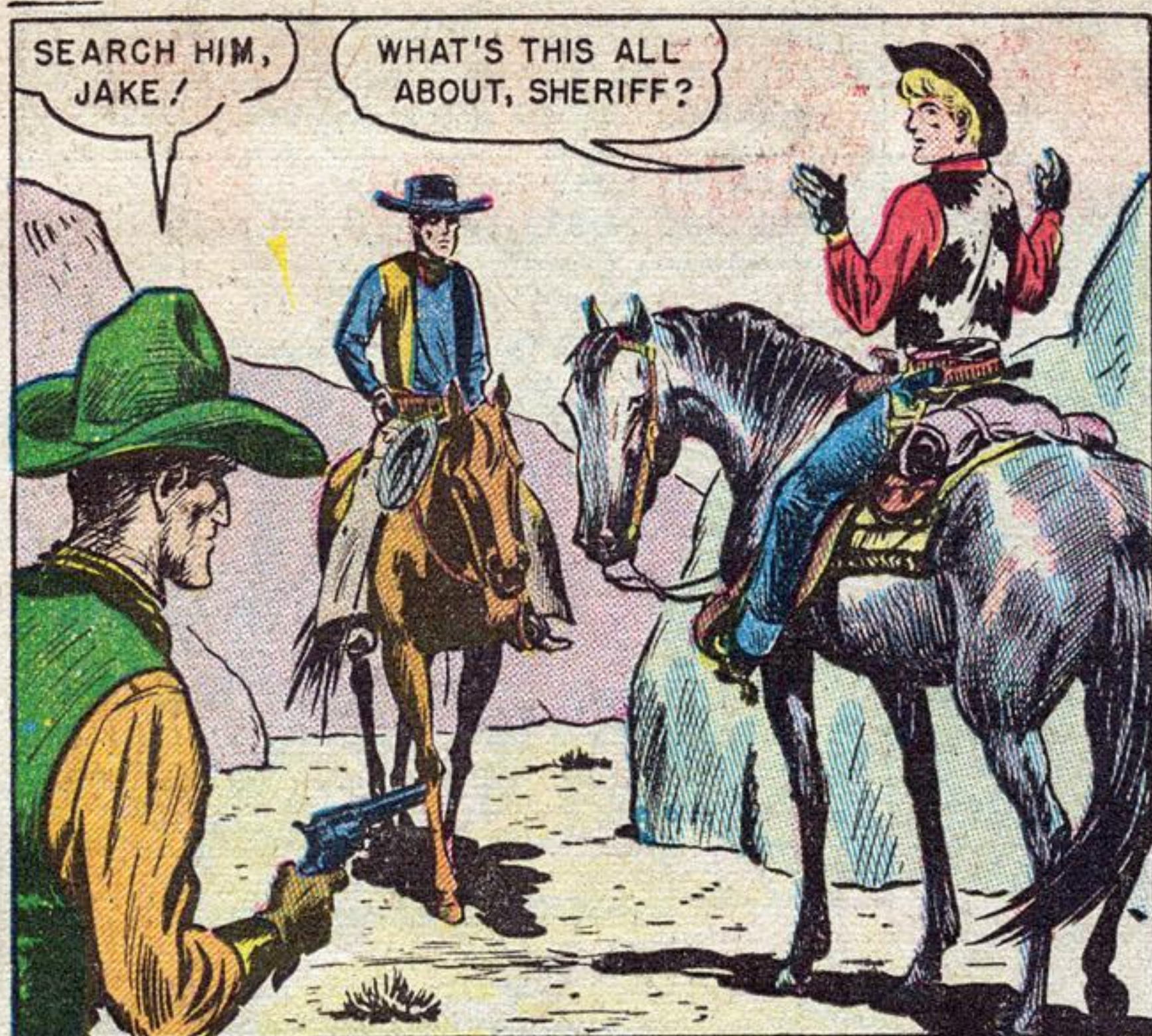
THE KID'S WOLF-LIKE SENSES, SHARP-
ENED ON THE OWL-HOOT TRAIL, WARN
HIM OF THE LURKING DANGER. . .

HOLD IT, STEEL! I THOUGHT I
HEARD SOMETHING!



ALL RIGHT,
MISTER! WE'VE
GOT YOU
COVERED!





SEARCH HIM, JAKE!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, SHERIFF?



A MASKED MAN HELD UP THE SOUTHBOUND STAGE AN' STOLE \$1,000! LEFT THE REST, ABOUT \$8,000 MORE, FOR SOME REASON! WE TRACKED THE BANDIT UP THIS WAY! MEBBE YOU'RE HIM!



NOTHIN' ON HIM BUT A FEW SILVER DOLLARS AN' THIS PAPER!

RECKON WE'LL TAKE YOU IN ANYHOW, STRANGER, AN' SEE IF THE STAGE DRIVER CAN IDENTIFY YOU!

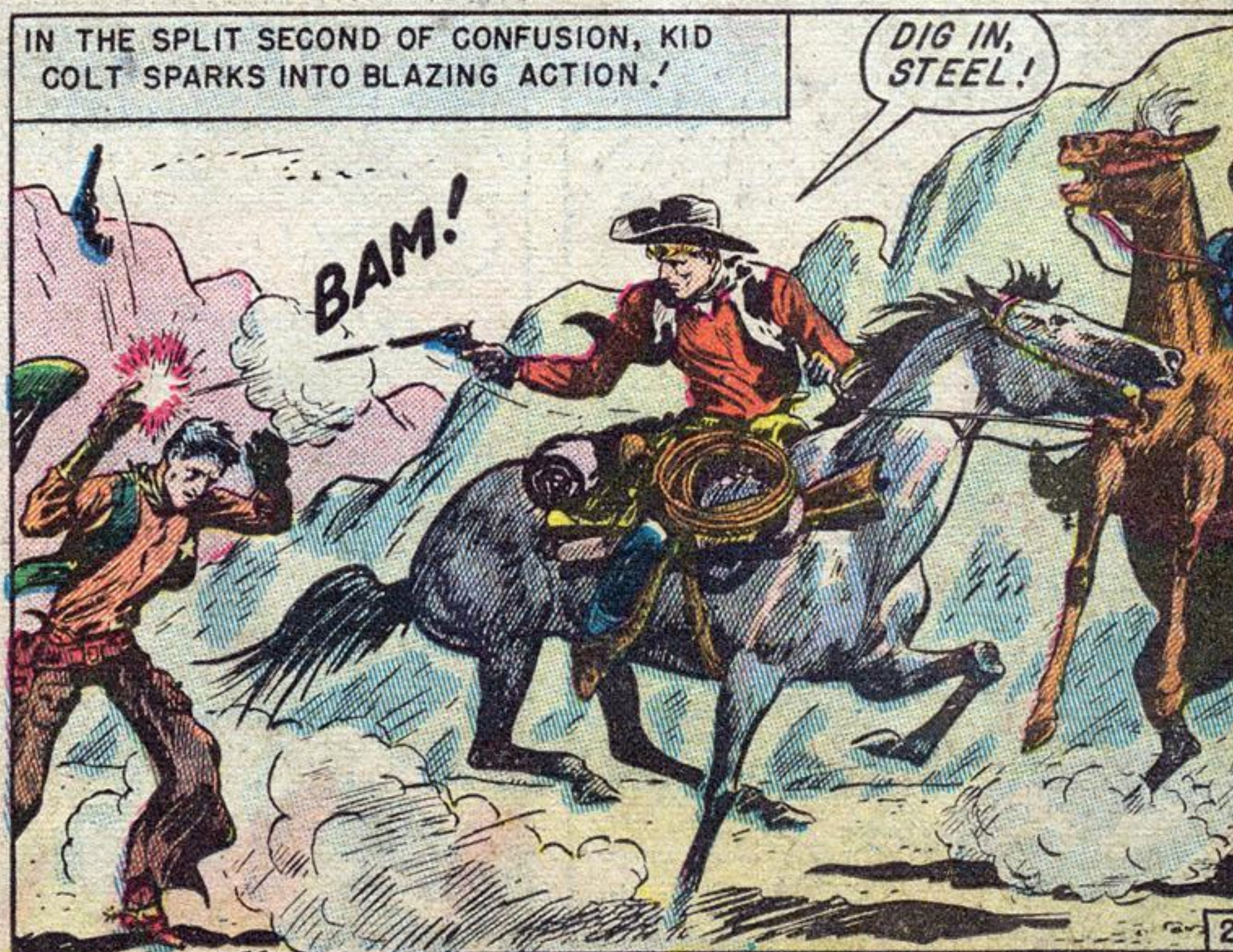


HEY, THIS IS A REWARD NOTICE FOR THE FAMOUS OUTLAW, KID COLT! HIS PICTURE'S HERE AN'--!



HEY, IT'S HIM! HE'S KID COLT!

WHAT?

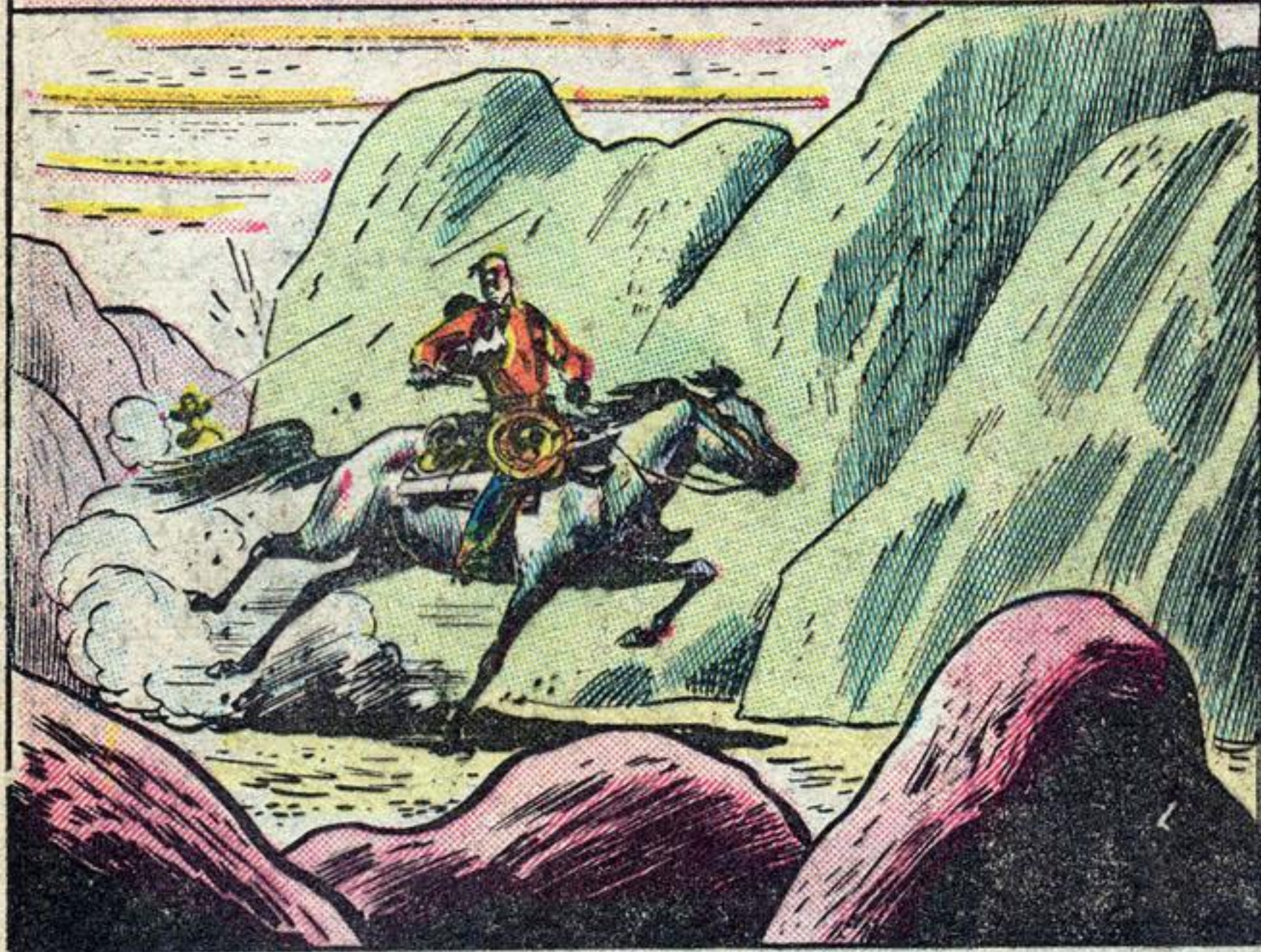


IN THE SPLIT SECOND OF CONFUSION, KID COLT SPARKS INTO BLAZING ACTION!

DIG IN, STEEL!

BAM!

A QUICK CAT-LIKE LEAP OF THE POWERFUL STEEL-DUST STALLION PUTS SOLID ROCK BETWEEN KID COLT AND THE ANGRY LEAD OF THE POSSE!



DODGING, TWISTING, AMONGST THE BROKEN, BARREN ROCK, THE KID'S WOLF-LIKE SKILL SOON RIDS HIM OF HIS PURSUERS!

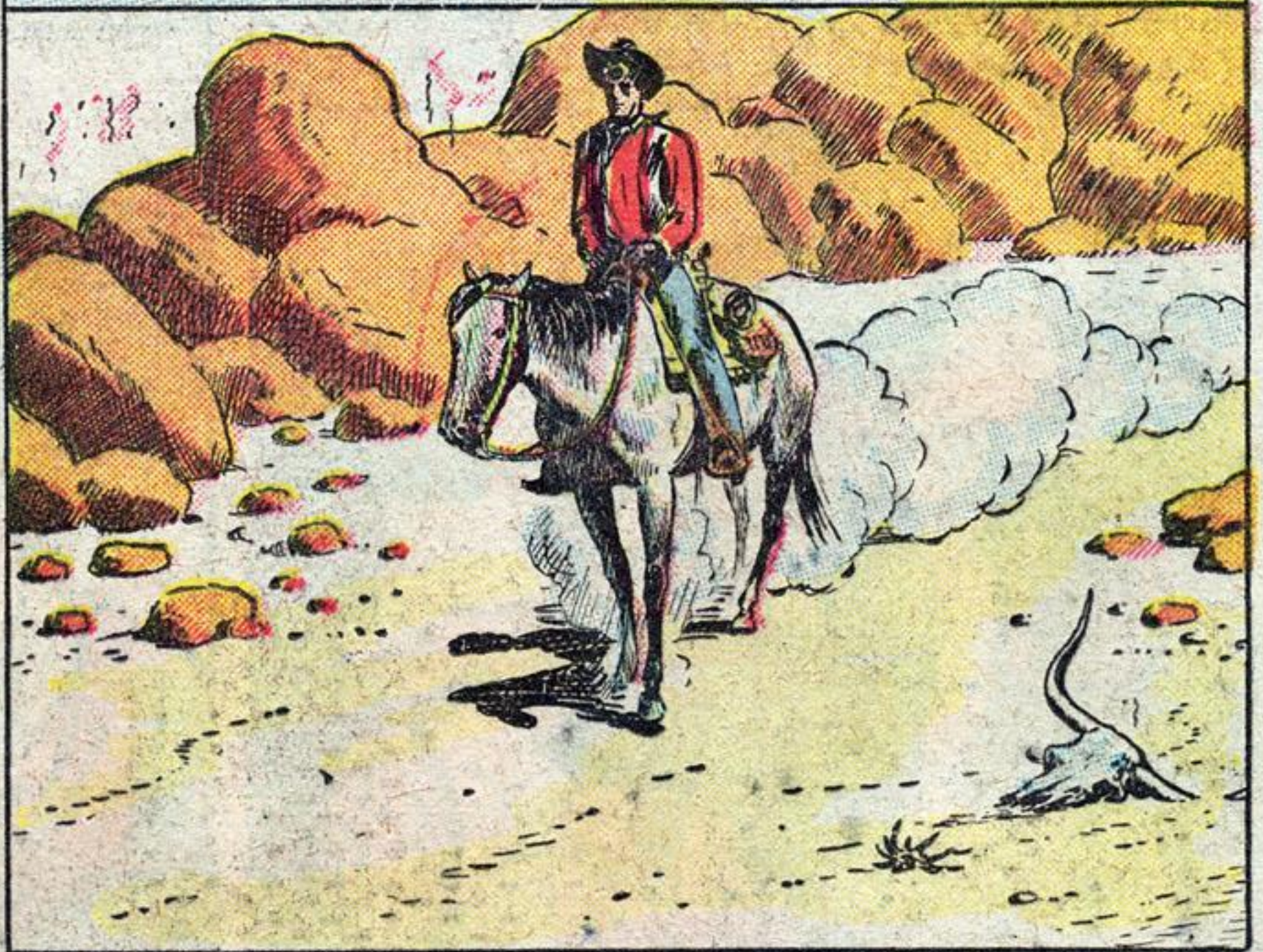
RECKON WE LOST THEM, STEEL OL' HOSS!



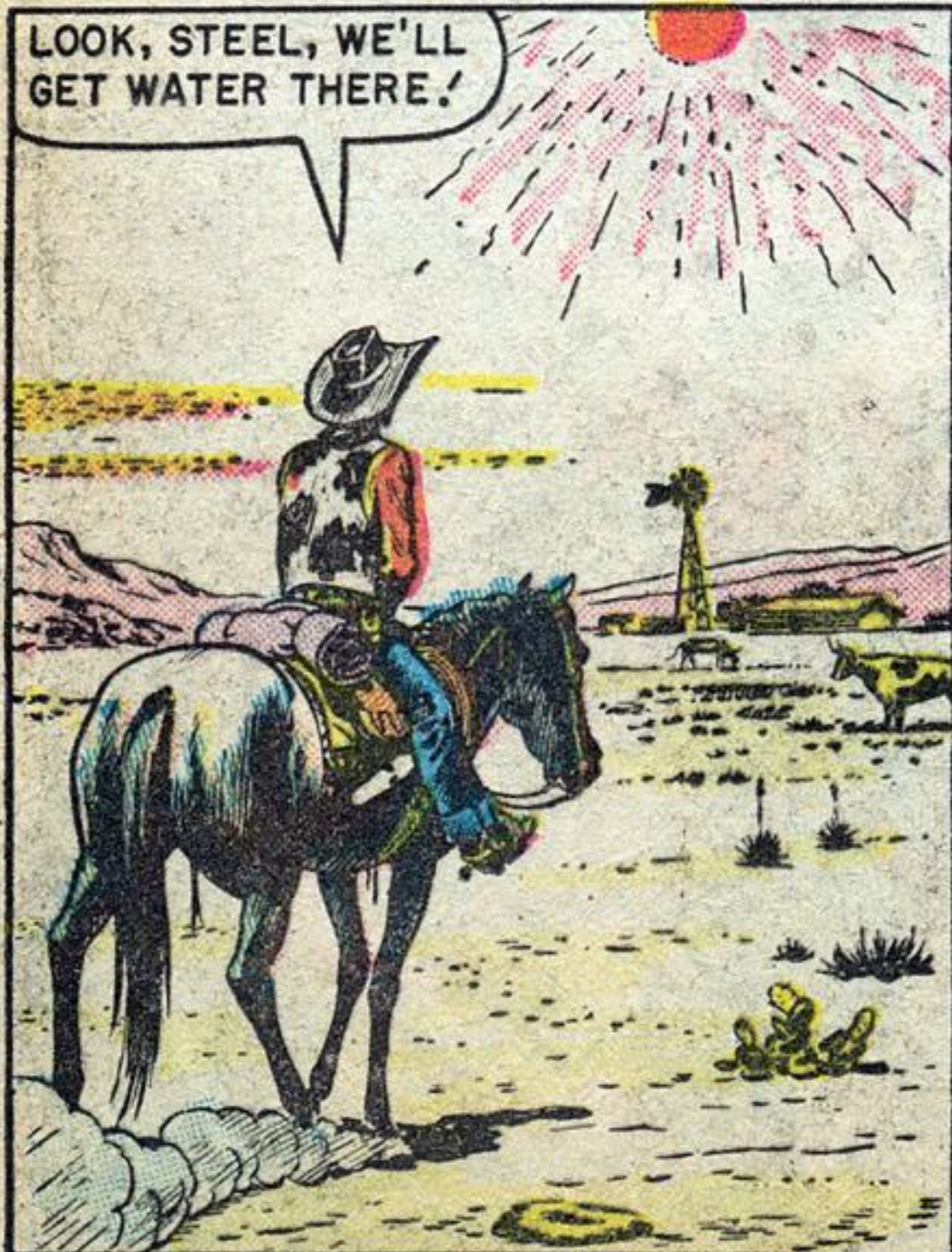
WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN FROM HERE SOON, BOY! MY CANTEEN'S EMPTY AN' THERE'S NO WATER FLOW IN THIS VOLCANIC ROCK!



THE HOT SUN THROWS ITS BRASSY HEAT AT THE THIRSTY PAIR AS HORSE AND MAN WORK THEIR WAY DOWN TO THE CANYON FLOOR!

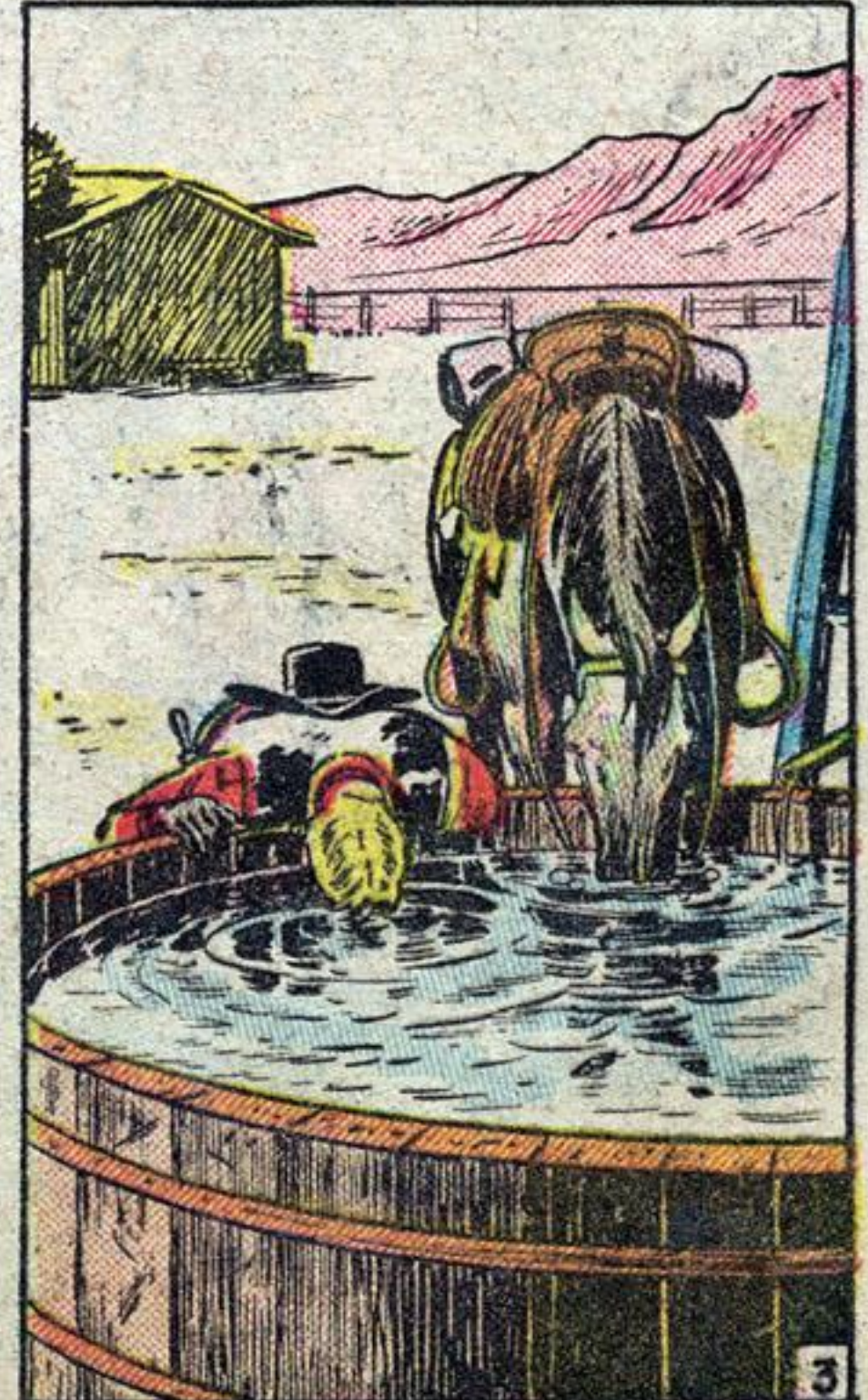


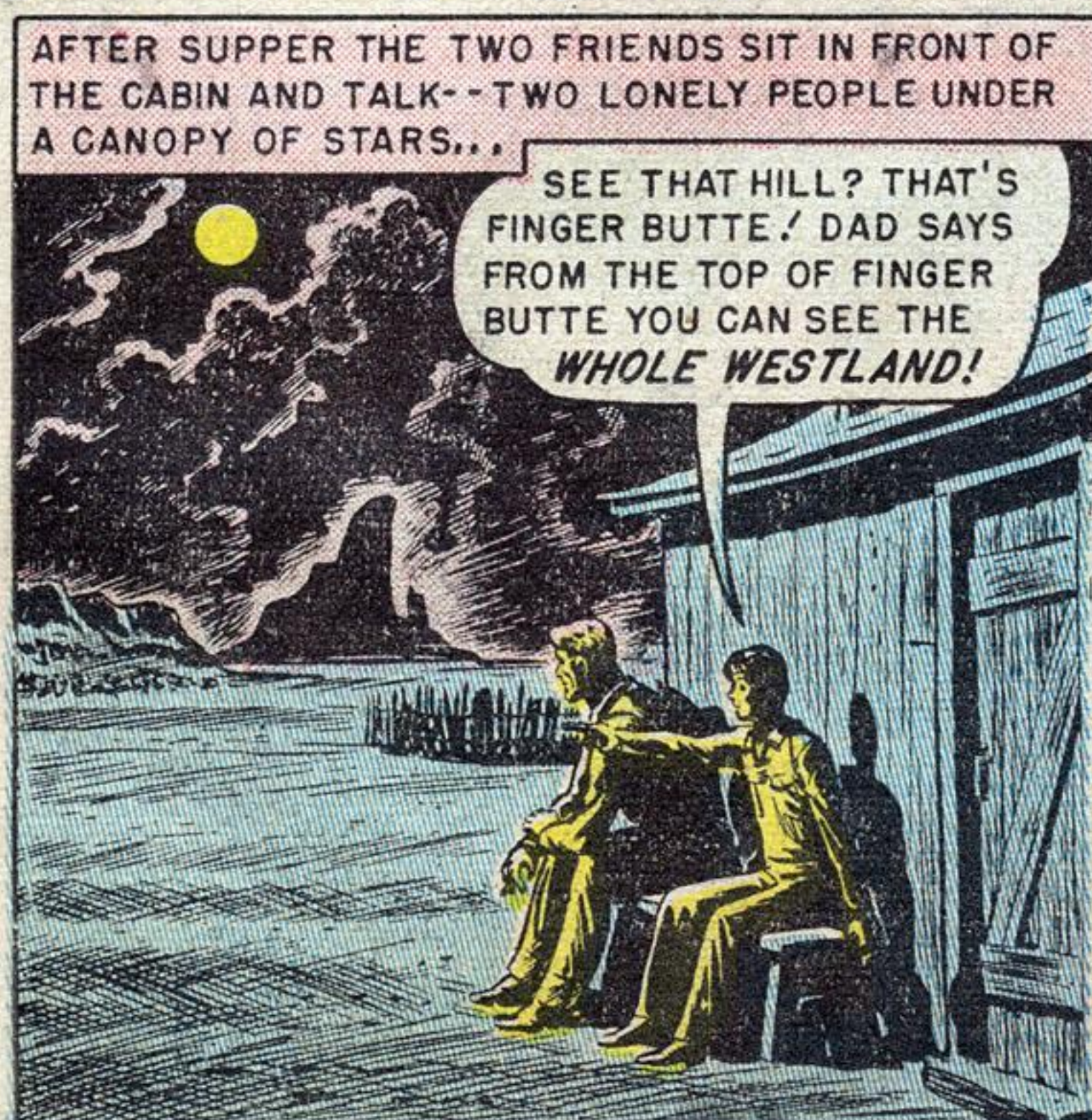
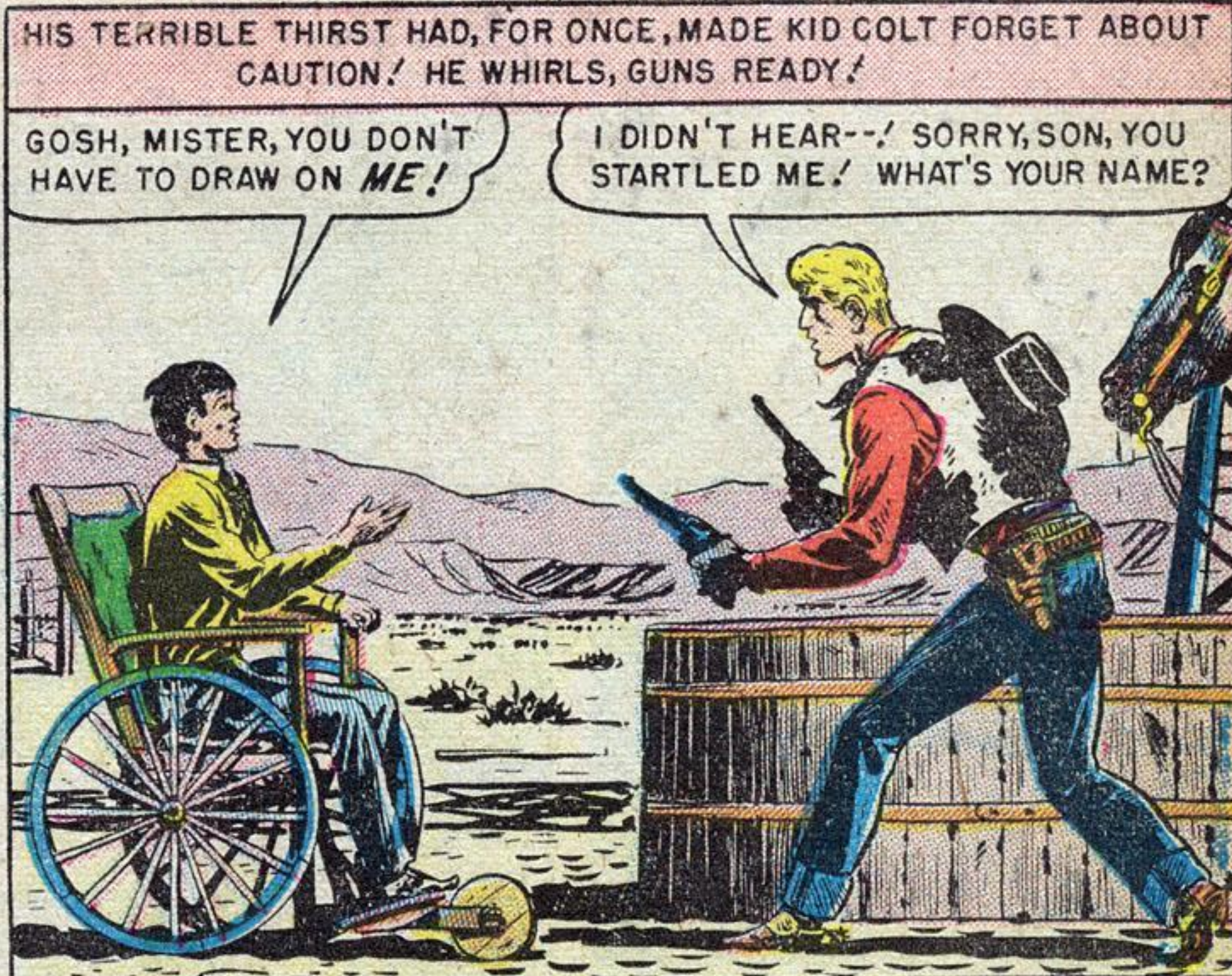
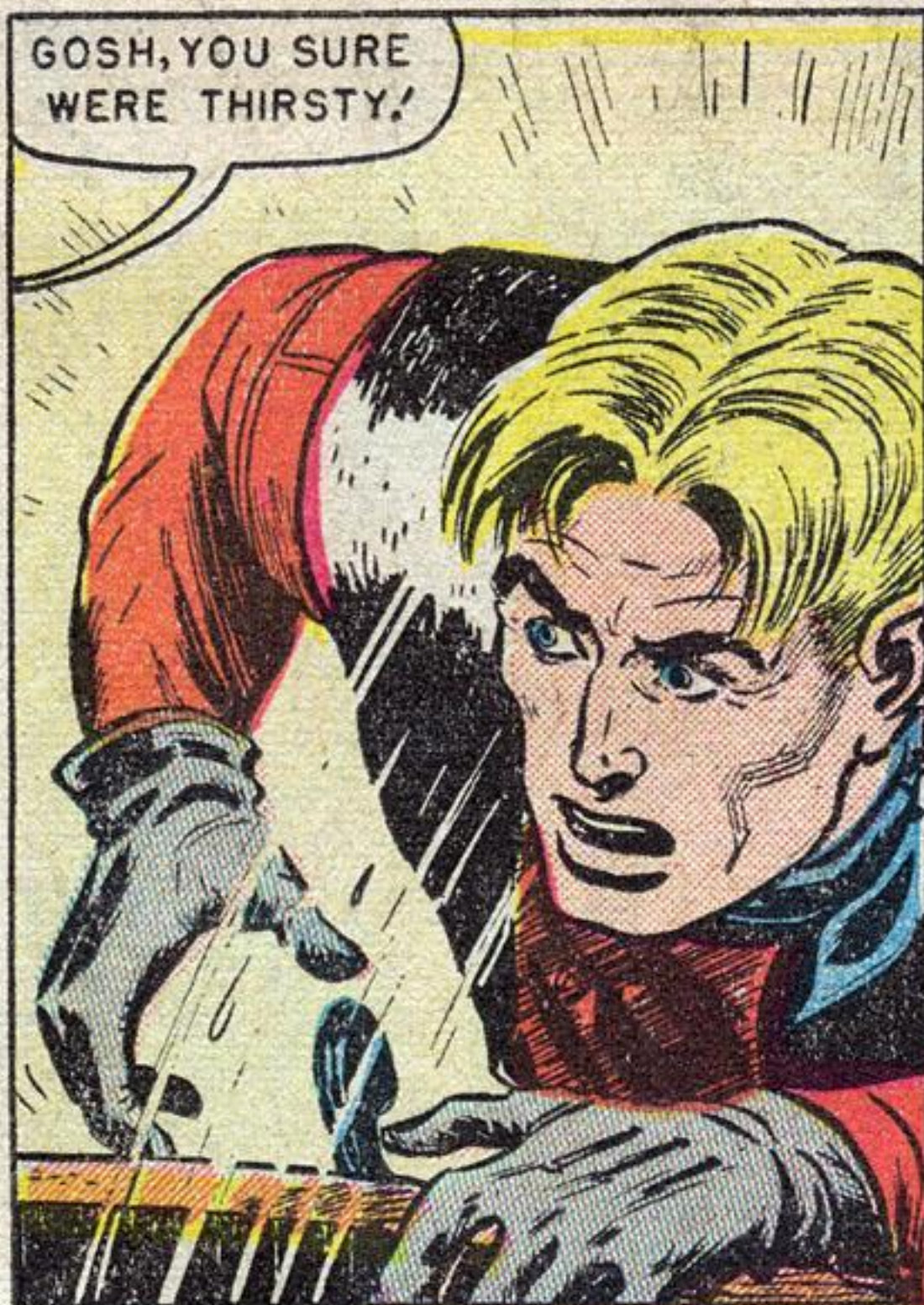
LOOK, STEEL, WE'LL GET WATER THERE!

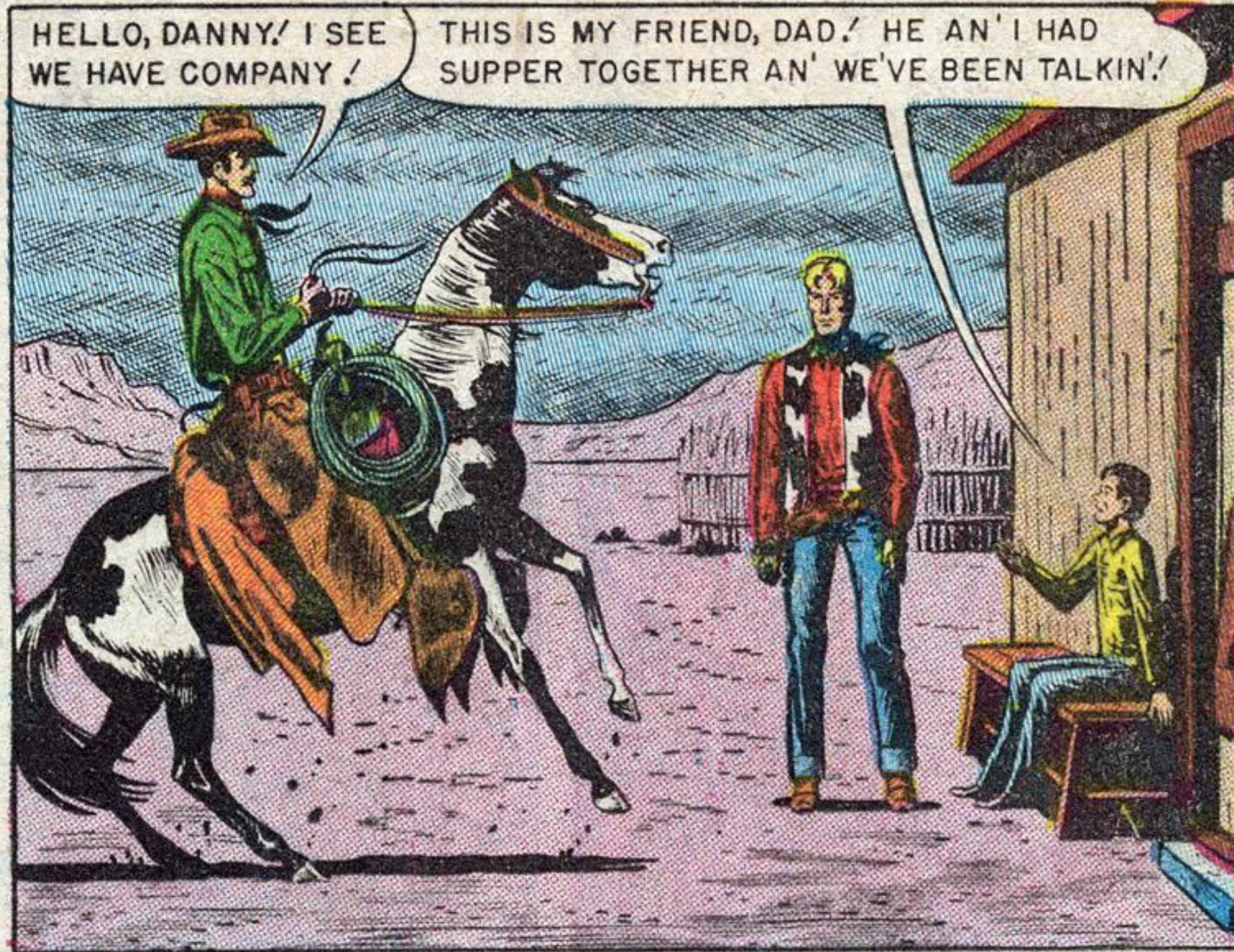


THE THIRSTY MAN AND HORSE PULL UP BESIDE A SMALL WATER TANK! THE KID CROAKS ONE WORD THROUGH THIRST-CRACKED, SWOLLEN LIPS....!

WATER!

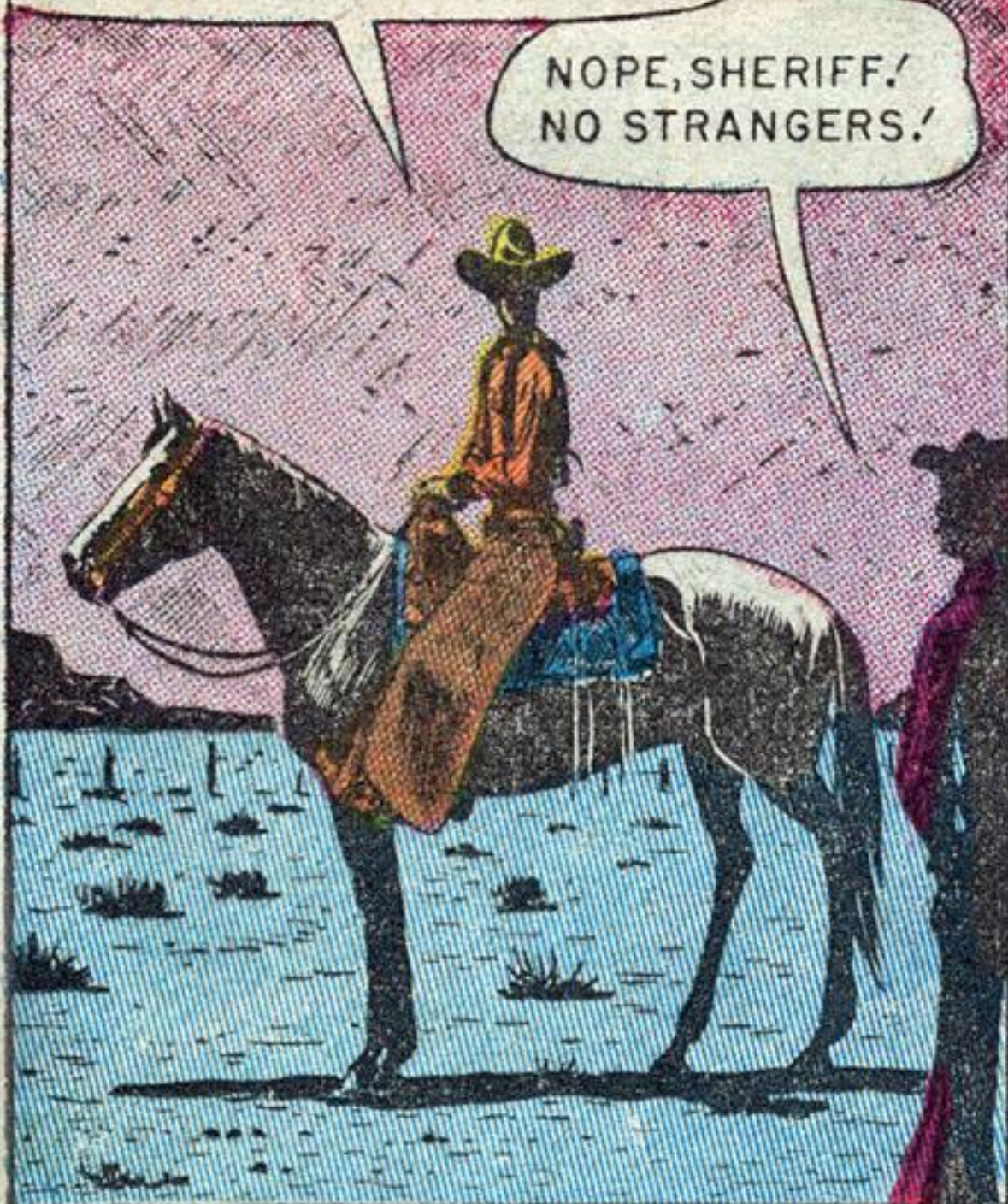






ANY STRANGERS BEEN THROUGH
HERE TODAY, POMEROY?

NOPE, SHERIFF!
NO STRANGERS!



WELL, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED! KID COLT IS AROUND THESE
PARTS AN' HE'S WANTED FOR STEALIN' \$1,000 FROM THE SOUTH-
BOUND STAGE! ANYWAY WE *THINK* HE WAS THE ONE WHO DID IT!
BUT THAT AIN'T ALL —!



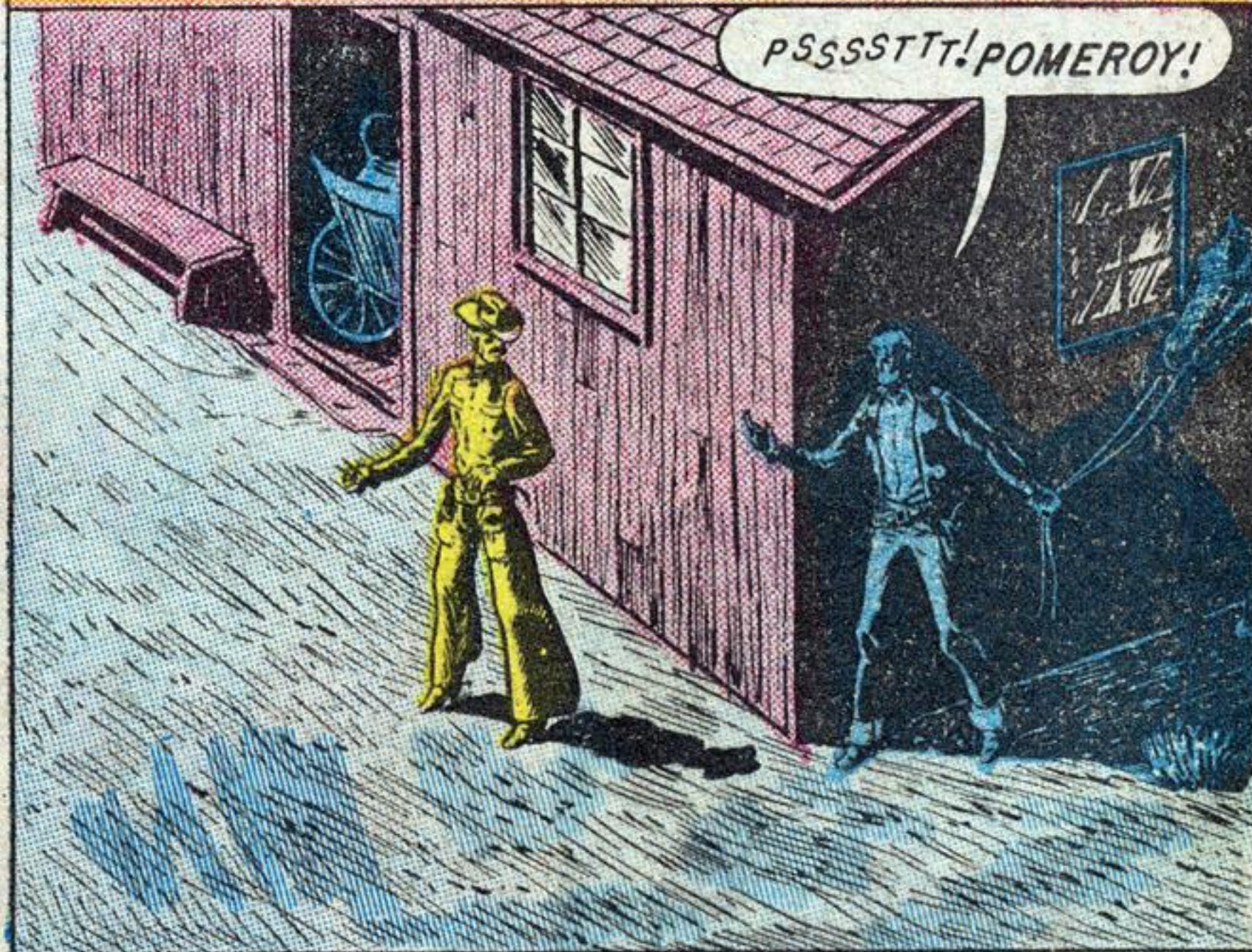
COMANCHE BRIGGS, THE GUNHAWK, HELD UP
THE GAYLORD CITY BANK ABOUT TWO HOURS
AGO, KILLED THE GUARD AN' GOT AWAY WITH
\$22,000! THERE'S A \$1,000 REWARD OUT
FOR HIM, DEAD OR ALIVE!

FRANK, THIS AIN'T GETTIN' US
ANYWHERE! LET'S RIDE!



THE POSSE RIDES AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS, AND AS THEY
VANISH, POMEROY BRINGS DANNY'S CHAIR! THOUGHTFULLY
DANNY WHEELS HIMSELF INTO THE CABIN!

PSSSSTT! POMEROY!

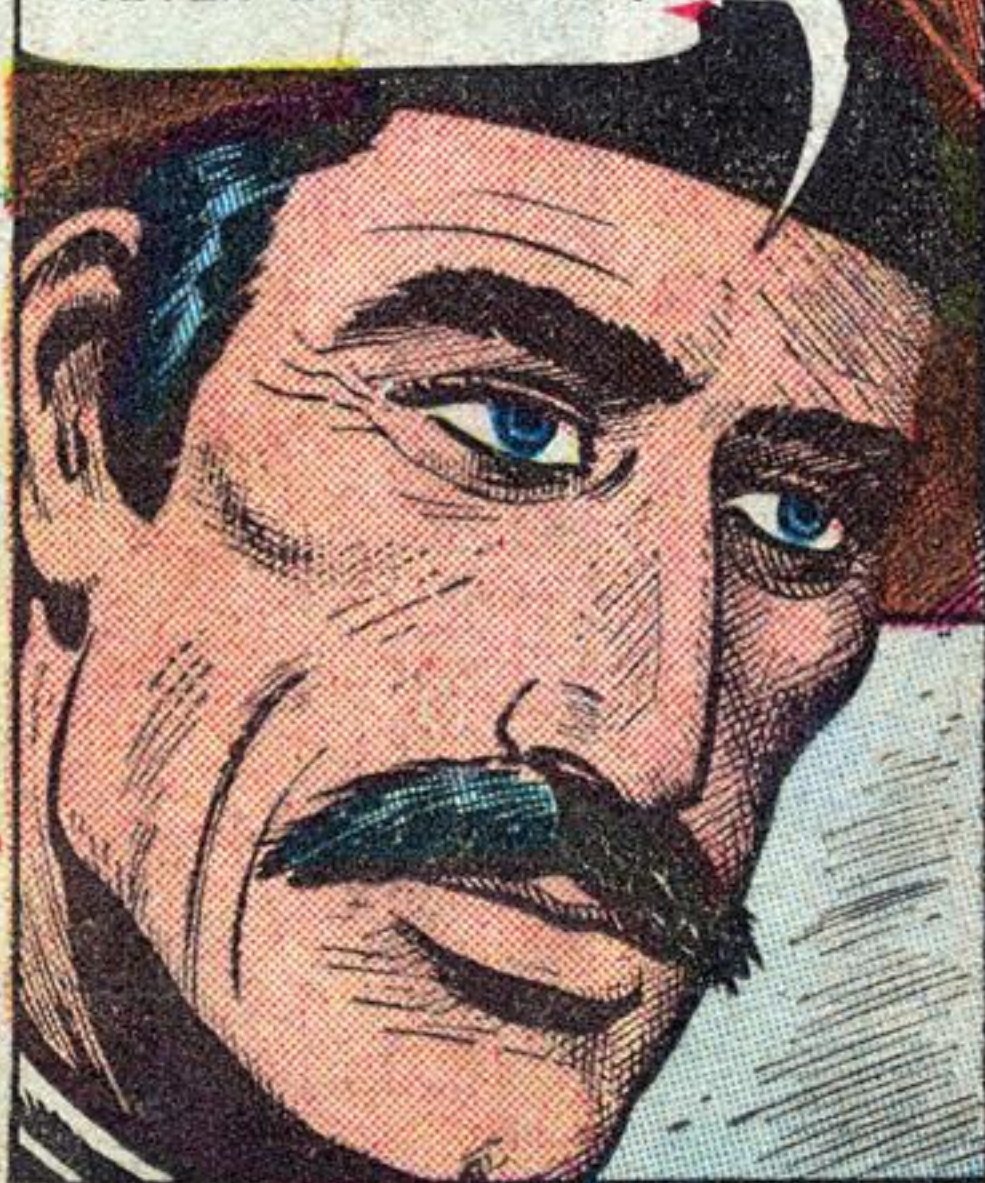


I THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT! YOU'RE
KID COLT, AREN'T YOU?

YES! LISTEN, I COULDN'T
LEAVE UNTIL I FOUND OUT
ABOUT DANNY! WHAT'S HIS
CHANCES OF WALKIN' AGAIN?



HE NEEDS AN OPERATION THAT
ONLY *ONE MAN* CAN PERFORM,
A FAMOUS DOCTOR IN FRISCO!
HIS FEE IS \$1,000! WITHOUT
THE OPERATION DANNY WILL
NEVER WALK AGAIN!



IF I ONLY
HAD THAT
MUCH
MONEY—!

IT'S NOT *YOUR*
PROBLEM, KID--IT'S
MINE! YOU'D BEST
RIDE OUT! SHERIFF
FOSTER'S NO FOOL,
HE'S LIABLE TO HAVE
NOTICED SOMETHIN' HERE
AN' BE DOUBLIN' BACK!



KID COLT RIDES AWAY FROM THE LITTLE HUT BUT HIS MIND AND HEART ARE STILL WITH DANNY AND HIS PITIFUL PROBLEM!

WHY IS IT A SWELL KID LIKE DANNY HAS TO BE LIKE THAT WHEN A NO-GOOD KILLER LIKE COMANCHE BRIGGS CAN RIDE AROUND AN'—

STOP RIGHT THERE, HOMBRE!

COMANCHE BRIGGS!

KID COLT! WELL IT'S A SMALL WORLD, AS THE SAYIN' GOES!

DO I HAVE TO KEEP MY HANDS UP? AFTER ALL—

KEEP 'EM UP, KID! I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES WITH YOU! I KNOW WE'RE BOTH ON THE DODGE BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA LIKE WHAT I GOT IN MIND!

Y'SEE, MY PONY WENT LAME, SO I'M GONNA HAVE TO BORROW YOUR STEELDUST! GET DOWN, KID, AN' BE CAREFUL!

I GUESS YOU'RE CALLIN' THE TUNE, COMANCHE!

THEY'RE AFTER *YOU* FOR THE BANK JOB, 'AN AFTER *ME* FOR A STAGE COACH HOLDUP WHICH I DIDN'T DO! SAY, *YOU* DIDN'T PULL *THAT* JOB *TOO*, DID YOU?

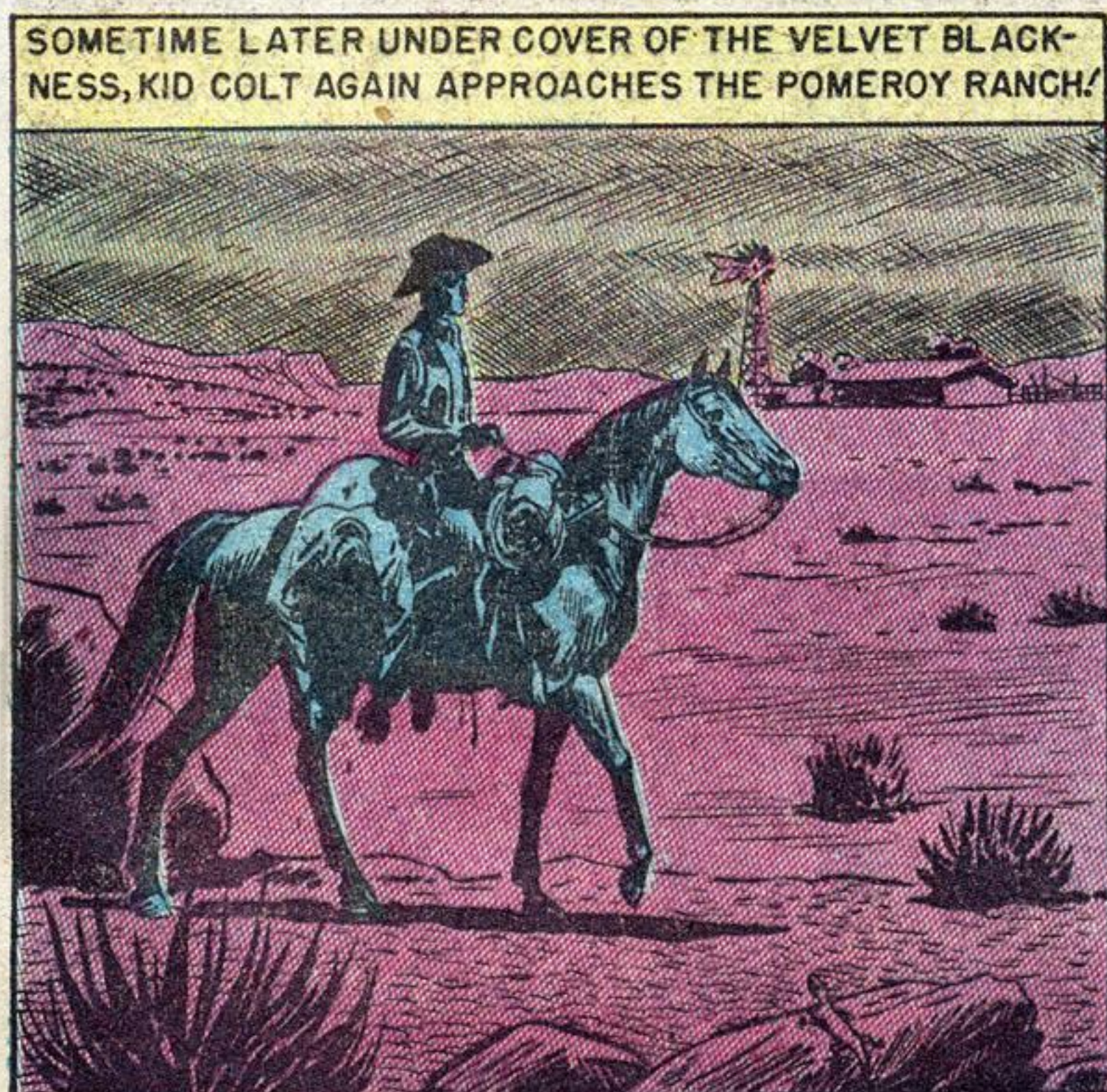
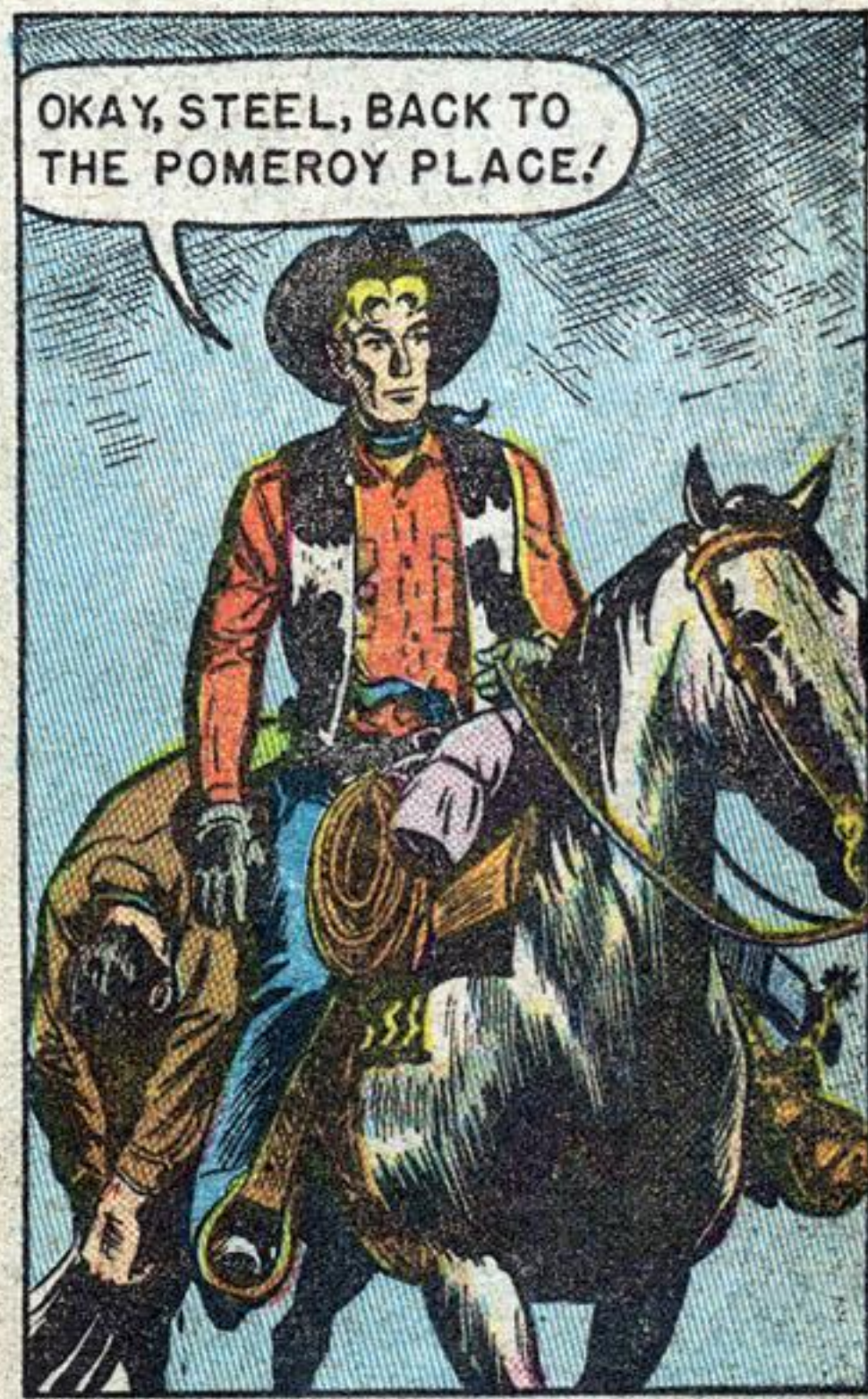
NOPE, AIN'T HELD UP A STAGE IN A MONTH!

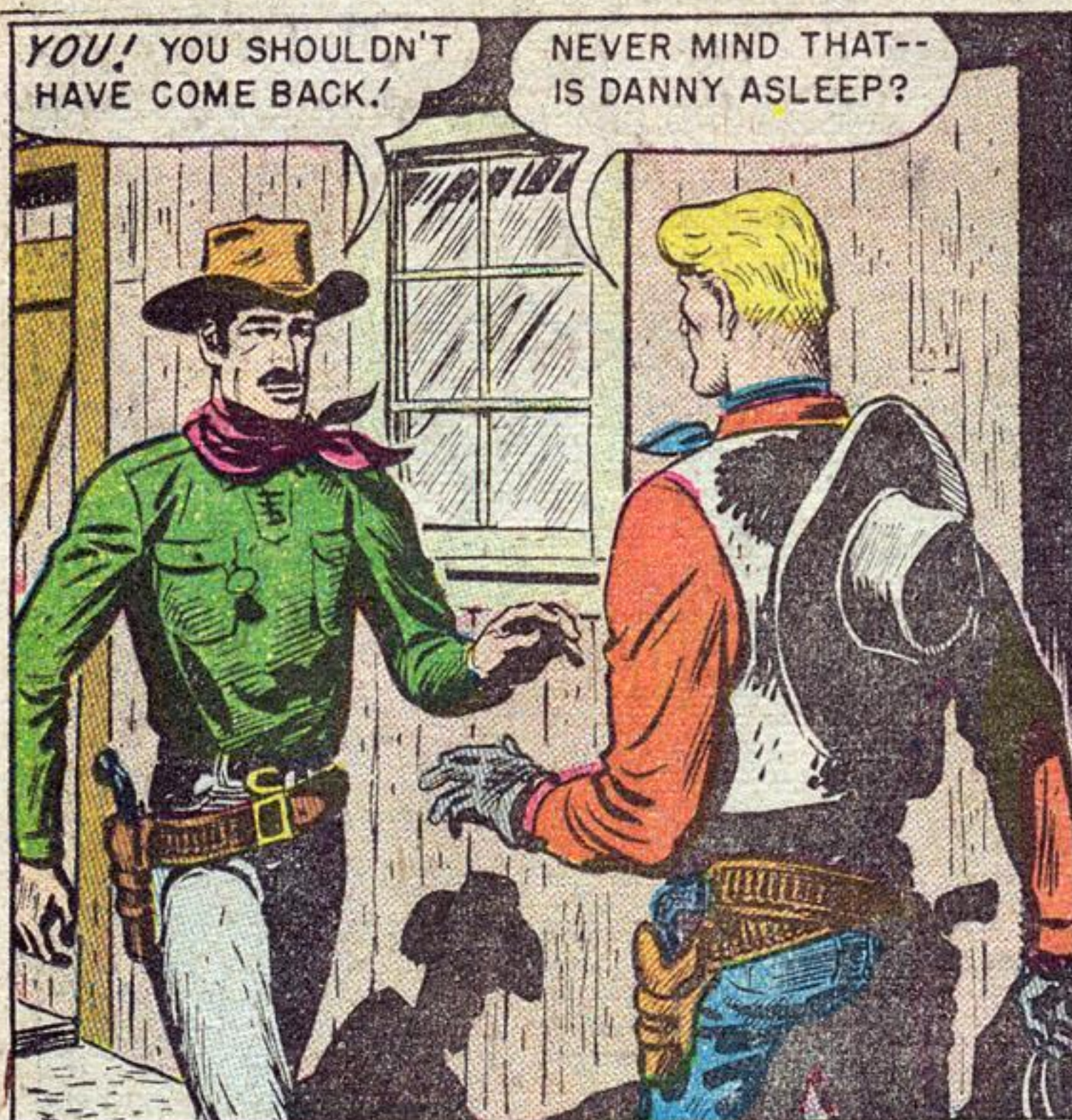
NO, I DIDN'T *THINK* YOU'D TAKE \$1,000, AN' LEAVE \$8,000!

KID, I'M GONNA HAVE TO BLAST YA! I KNOW WHAT YA THINK OF THIS HOSS AN' I DON'T WANT *YOU* ON MY TRAIL *TOO*! WHERE D'YA WANT IT--THE *HEART* OR THE *HEAD*?

A TINY, HIDDEN SIGNAL AND THE BIG, ROAN, STALLION GOES INTO ACTION!

BLAST YOU—!





YOU! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK!

NEVER MIND THAT-- IS DANNY ASLEEP?



YES! SAY, WHO'S THAT ON THE HORSE AN' WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

IT'S COMANCHE BRIGGS AN' HE'S SLIGHTLY DEAD! NOW LISTEN TO ME--!



PUT COMANCHE ON YOUR HORSE, TAKE THE SADDLE BAGS WITH THE BANK MONEY AN' RIDE INTO TOWN AN' TELL THE SHERIFF YOU GOT HIM! YOU'LL GET THE \$1,000 REWARD AN' DANNY CAN GET HIS OPERATION!

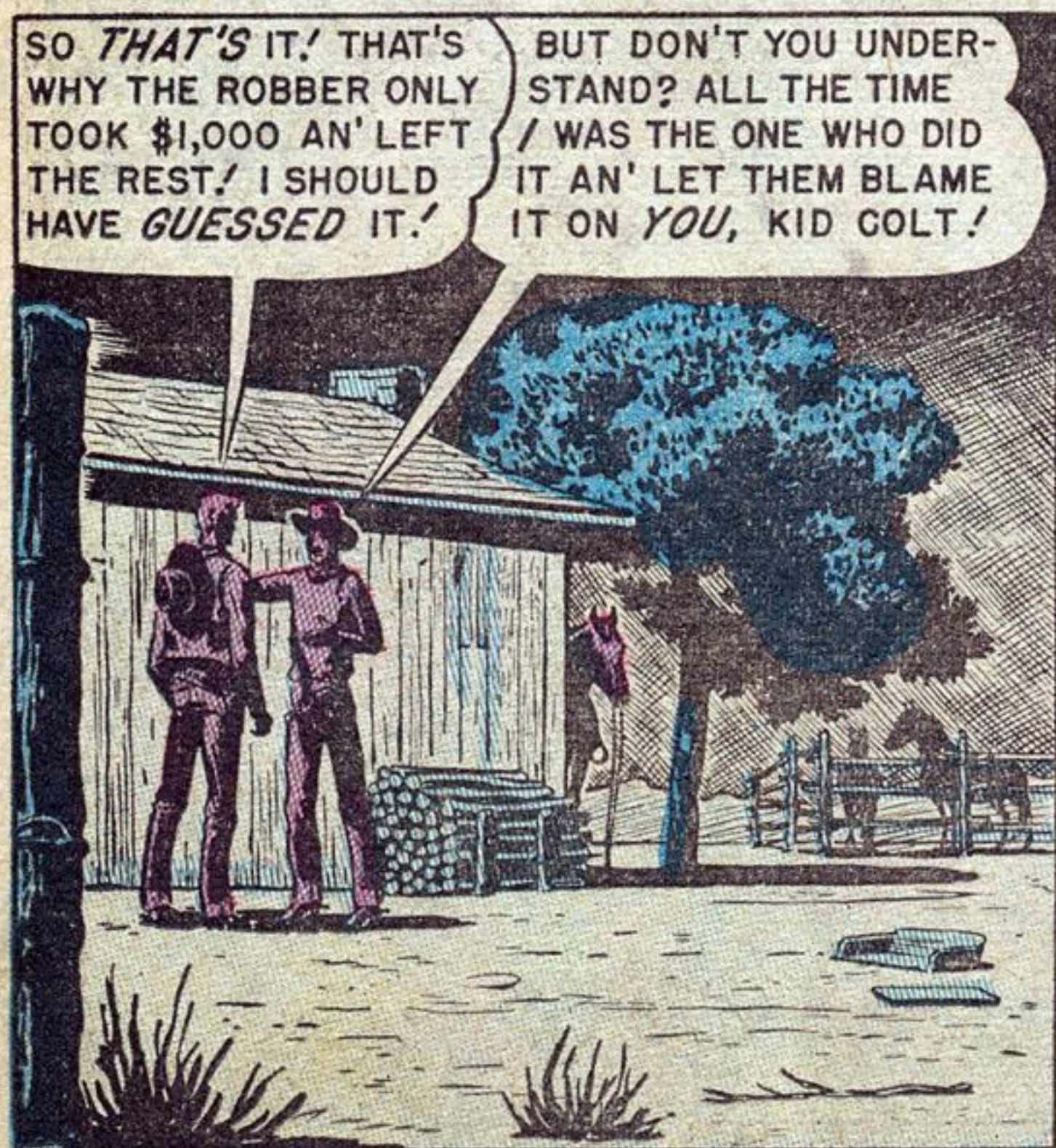


YOU--YOU'D DO THIS FOR US?

DANNY DESERVES THE CHANCE TO WALK AGAIN, AN' NO MATTER HOW THE MONEY CAME IT'S FOR A WORTHWHILE CAUSE!

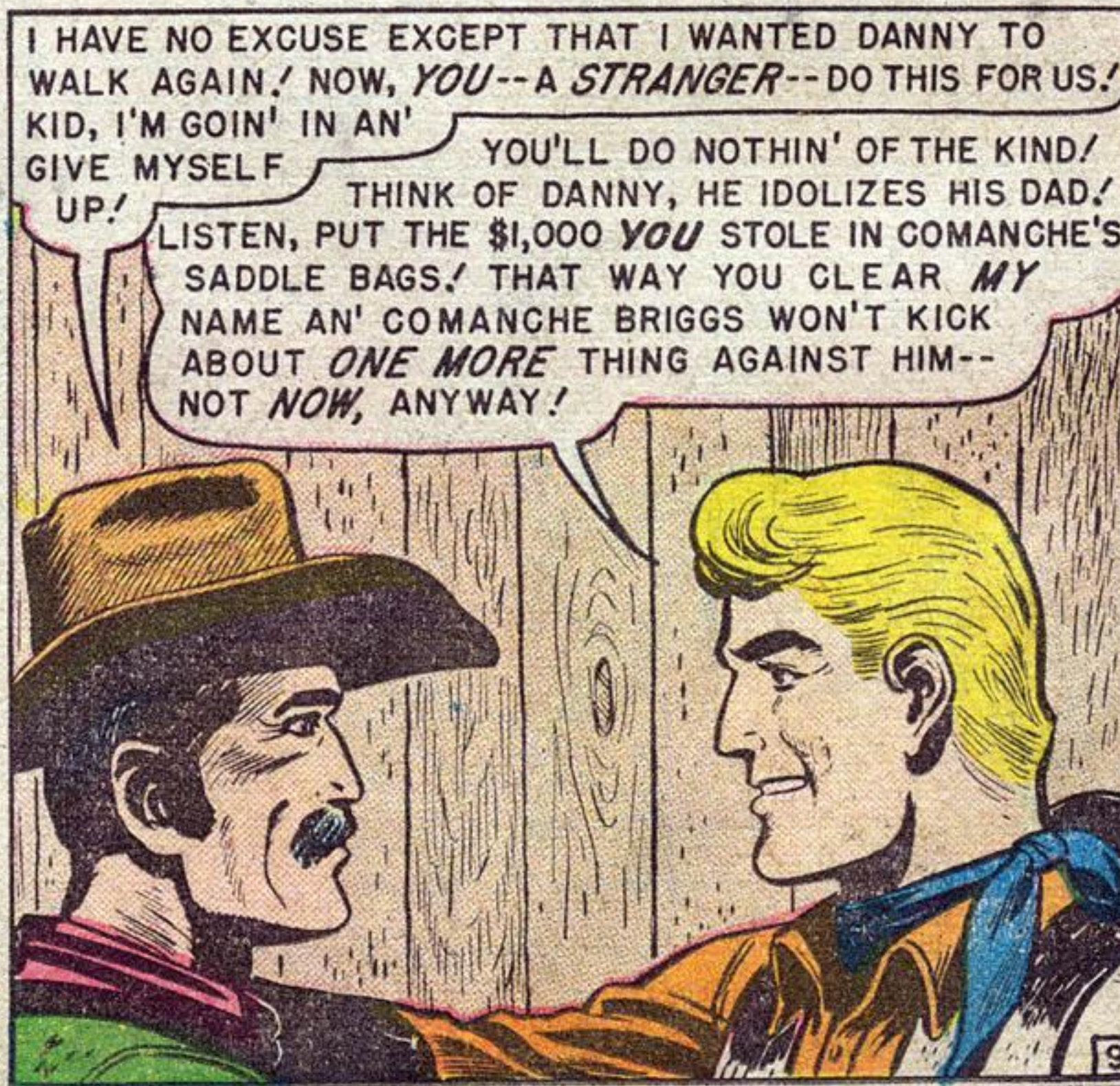


KID, I'VE GOTTA TELL YOU SOMETHING! MEBBE WHEN YOU HEAR IT, YOU WON'T FEEL THE WAY YOU DO! / WAS THE ONE WHO HELD UP THAT STAGE AN' TOOK THE \$1,000!



SO THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHY THE ROBBER ONLY TOOK \$1,000 AN' LEFT THE REST! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED IT!

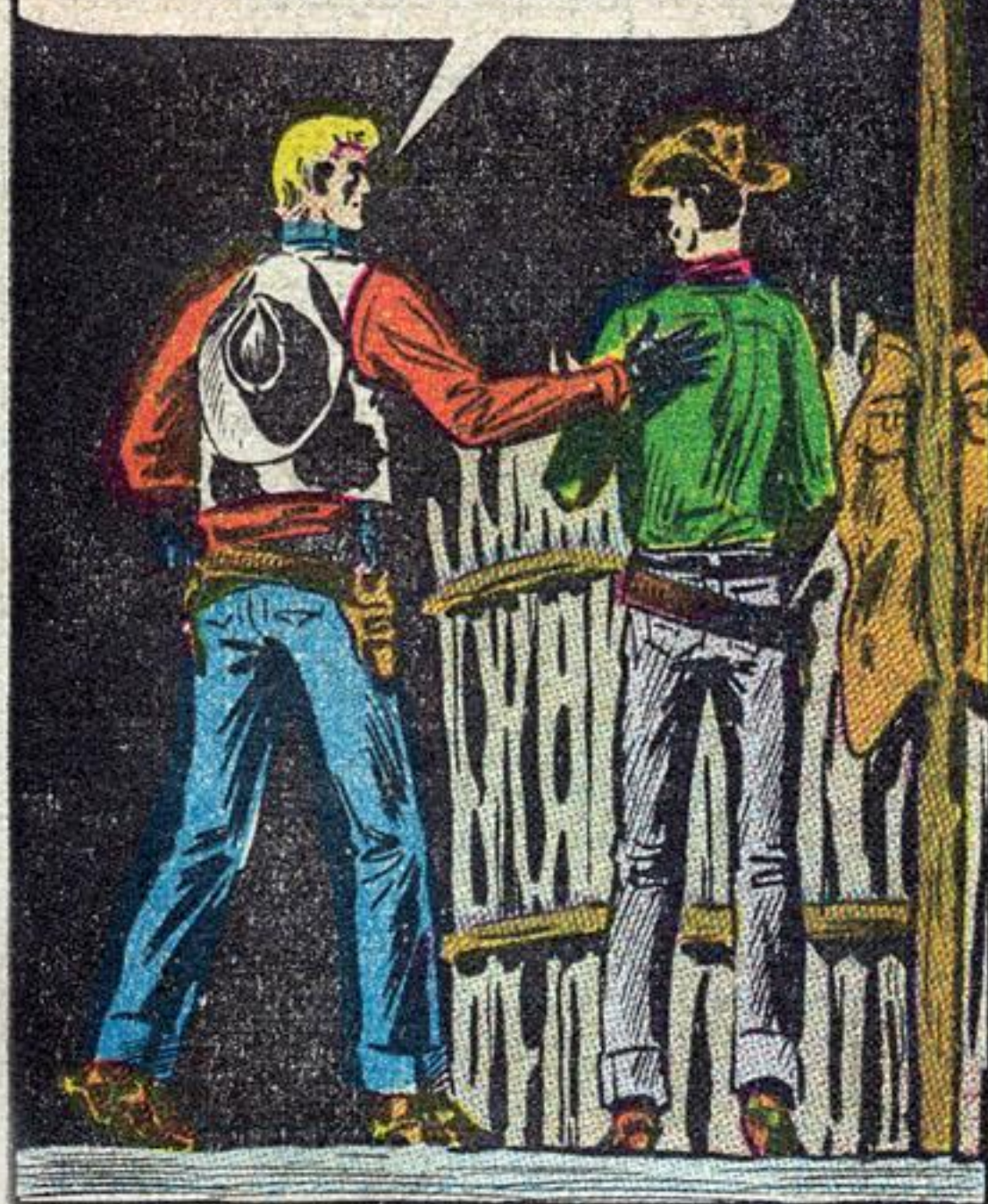
BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? ALL THE TIME / WAS THE ONE WHO DID IT AN' LET THEM BLAME IT ON YOU, KID COLT!



I HAVE NO EXCUSE EXCEPT THAT I WANTED DANNY TO WALK AGAIN! NOW, YOU--A STRANGER--DO THIS FOR US! KID, I'M GOIN' IN AN' GIVE MYSELF UP!

YOU'LL DO NOTHIN' OF THE KIND! THINK OF DANNY, HE IDOLIZES HIS DAD! LISTEN, PUT THE \$1,000 YOU STOLE IN COMANCHE'S SADDLE BAGS! THAT WAY YOU CLEAR MY NAME AN' COMANCHE BRIGGS WON'T KICK ABOUT ONE MORE THING AGAINST HIM--NOT NOW, ANYWAY!

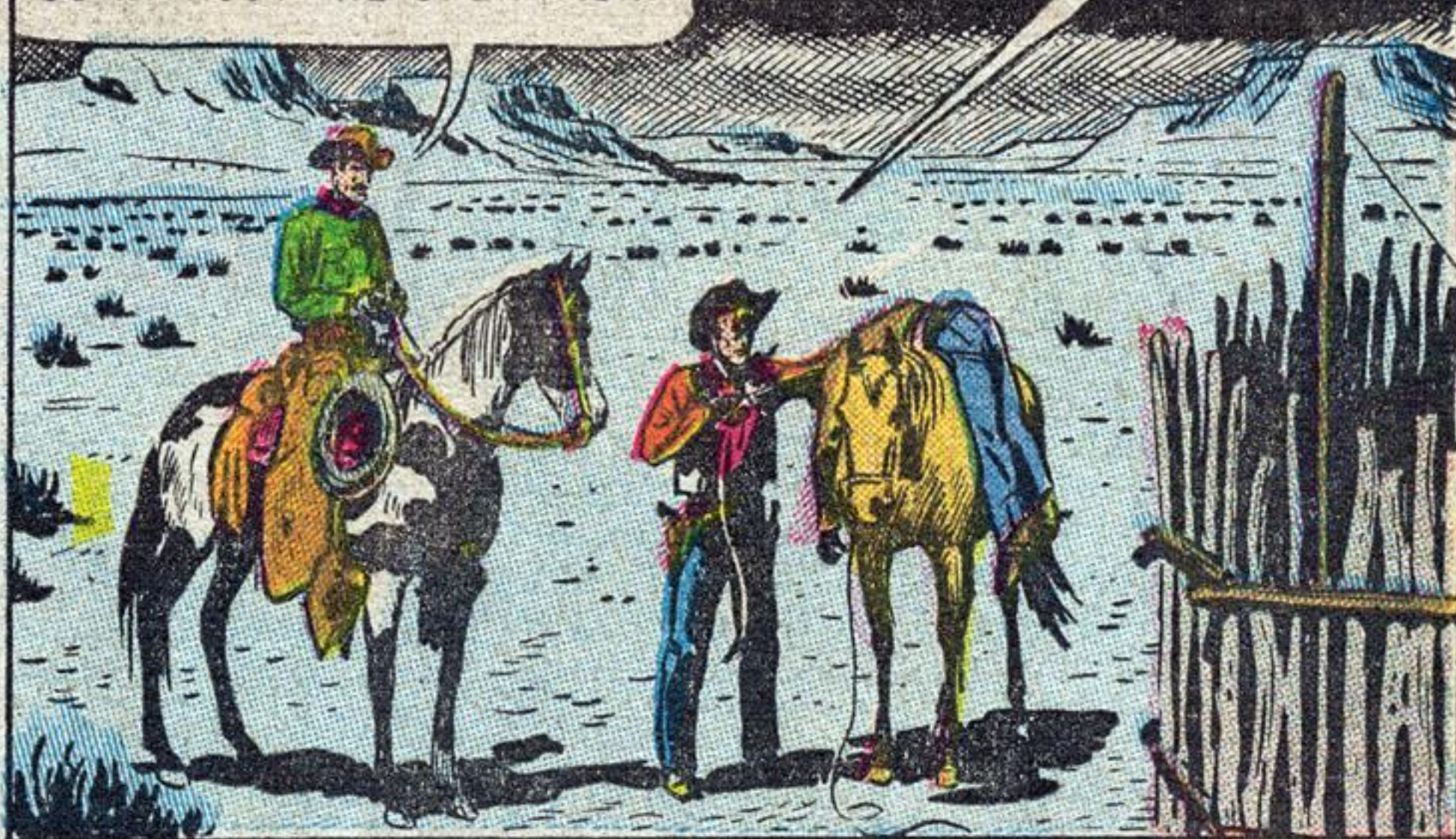
C'MON! GET YOUR HORSE! DAWN ISN'T FAR AWAY AN' I'VE GOTTA BE IN THE MOUNTAINS COME DAYLIGHT!



THE TRANSFER OF THE BODY TO POMEROY'S PACK HORSE IS SOON MADE!

KID, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND! AFTER WHAT I DID, I CAN'T TAKE THE REWARD MONEY THAT'S RIGHTFULLY YOURS! ON THE DODGE THE WAY YOU ARE, YOU **NEED** IT! DANNY WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT THE OPERATION!

POMEROY, I HAVE NO TIME TO ARGUE! HAVE IT YOUR WAY!



YOU HIDE IN THE BRAKES WEST OF HERE! I'LL BRING THE MONEY TO YOU THERE BY MID-AFTERNOON! ALL RIGHT YOU STUBBORN OL' COOT! BY THE WAY, I TOOK QUITE A SHINE TO DANNY! I'D LIKE TO LEAVE HIM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY, IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO LET HIM KEEP IT!

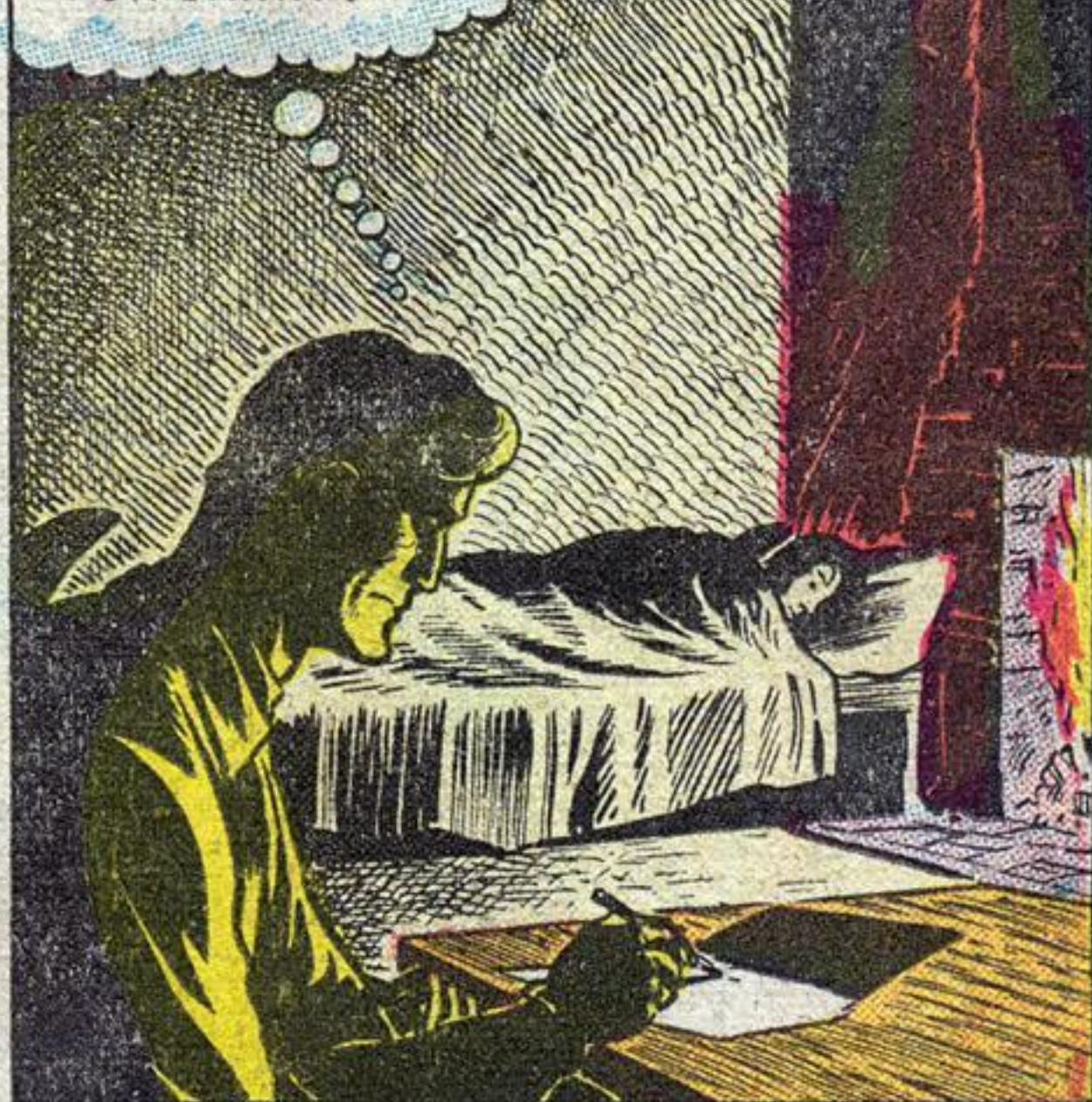


DANNY WOULD LIKE THAT, KID, AN' I GIVE YOU MY WORD I'LL LET HIM KEEP IT! **ADIOS!**



AS POMEROY DISAPPEARS DOWN THE TRAIL KID COLT QUIETLY ENTERS THE CABIN!

I'LL LEAVE A NOTE FOR DANNY!



THE NOTE FINISHED, KID COLT SAYS A SILENT GOODBYE TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND!

GOODBYE, DANNY BOY! MAY THE FUTURE HOLD NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS FOR YOU!



SO KID COLT, OUTLAW, RIDES AWAY AS DAWN STREAKS THE SKY WITH SILVER, FAR AWAY FROM THE LITTLE HUT IN THE CANYON! A LONELY, SILENT RIDER OF THE OWLHOOT TRAILS...



AND BEHIND HIM, IN THE LITTLE CABIN, IS A NOTE WHICH READS—

Dear Danny:
Your dad has some money of mine which I am giving you. He'll know what to use it for! Someday, perhaps I'll ride this way again, and you can repay me by climbing to the top of Finger Butte with me and showing me the West, all green and gold and beautiful, lying at our feet!
Adios!
Kid Colt

THE END

WILD HORSES OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

THE TOUGH LITTLE, WILD CAYUSES OF THE PRAIRIES ARE THE DIRECT DESCENDANTS OF THE FINE HORSES OF CORTEZ AND HIS SOLDIERS! THE HORSE IS NOT NATIVE TO THE AMERICAN SCENE! WHEN CORTEZ AND HIS CONQUERING LEGIONS MARCHED AGAINST THE AZTECS, HE BROUGHT WITH HIM FROM SPAIN HORSES OF FINE ARAB, BARB, AND ANDALUSIAN BREEDING! THESE WERE THE FIRST OF THE EQUINE SPECIES SEEN IN THE NEW WORLD! DURING THE COURSE OF THE SPANISH CONQUISTADOR'S BATTLES MANY OF THESE

FINE ANIMALS ESCAPED TO THE FREEDOM OF THE OPEN RANGE! OVER THE YEARS THEY INCREASED IN NUMBERS UNTIL VAST HERDS ROAMED THE WESTERN PLAINS! IN THEIR NEW ENVIRONMENT, FIGHTING THE CRUEL ELEMENTS AND NATURAL FOUR-FOOTED ENEMIES, THE HORSES BECAME FLEET, QUICK MOVING AND HARDY--THE PERFECT MOUNT FOR THE WESTERN COWBOY! THE HERDS ARE LED BY POWERFUL FIGHTING STALLIONS! THE ILLUSTRATION PICTURES TWO OF THESE GREAT STALLIONS IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH, FOR LEADERSHIP OF A HERD--A COMMON OCCURRENCE IN THE DAYS OF THE EARLY WEST!



TRAIL DRIVE

AT TURTLE CREEK on the Guadalupe, Pop Shipsten's pony stepped into a badger hole, fell on Pop's leg and broke it. After the bone had been set, Pop called his son Roy to his side, and placed on the boy's young shoulders the responsibility for trail-bossing the Flying A herd into the railhead. Then he bade him gruffly to get going.

Roy swung aboard his cayuse and pounded off, the full significance of the job ahead closing around him like a rawhide thong drying in the sun. The drive ahead wasn't a long one, but the Flying A herd was unruly and the cow hands undependable. Bob Ebbets, Sunny Sprraig, and Sam Bullet would be all right; Red Willy Rawlins might even fall in with this group. He was a top cowman, but in the past troublesome, and, as Roy suspected, he was instantly resentful of being placed under "a maverick that isn't dry behind the ears!"

He didn't say this to Roy directly, but carried his sentiments to the outfit with such dire prophecies that three hands quit the first day out of Turtle Creek, leaving Roy short-handed.

After that trouble kept rising like a thunderhead.

The men grumbled. The chuck wagon broke down. Strays kept wandering off into the brush, and much precious time was lost getting them back to the herd. Roy drove himself hard, barely stopping to eat, but everything he planned or ordered turned out wrong. And behind it all was Red Willy Rawlins, snorting contemptuously at his efforts.

"I tole your Pop yuh should grow a little more before he let yuh ramrod this outfit," jeered Red Willy.

Roy clamped his lips tight and kept silent. He couldn't afford to fire Red; it was tough enough to get along with the few men he had. But he had an inspiration. He had made Sunny Sprraig trail driver because Pop Shipsten had always favored Sunny over the other riders. Now he proposed to make a change. It was in the interests of the Flying A, and he felt sure Sunny would understand.

"If you're so all-fired good," he said to Red Willy, "take over as trail driver and let Sunny ride your end."

Then he cantered away without a backward glance. Red Willy looked after him, suspicion and puzzlement on his features.

Sunny accepted the change with poor grace and spat out a determination to have a showdown with Roy, but that chance didn't come until the next morning.

The herd bedded down that night on the San Marcus river. Fatigue rolled over Roy, washing out for a while the problems that constantly harassed him, and he hit the ground like a log, head on saddle, as soon as he had cared for his pony.

Angry thunder roaring overhead woke him at midnight. Lightning made brief, bright patterns in the sky, and in their momentary light Roy could see the cattle moving restlessly. They seemed more on edge than an approaching storm should make them so Roy saddled a fresh pony from his

string and joined the night riders. He rode around the rim of the big herd, wondering what the steers sensed that made them nervous.

Halfway around, the rain came, pouring down in a blinding deluge. The wind rose and drove the raindrops like tiny spears against Roy's face. His pony reared suddenly, and above the whistle of the wind Roy thought he heard gunshots. Thunder, rumbling and breaking with a mighty crash, followed immediately, and Roy dismissed the thought impatiently. Except for the rifle in the chuck wagon, there were no guns in his camp, not even side arms; they belonged to an era of the west long past.

In the first few minutes of the downpour, Roy had lost sight of the herd when he turned his horse's rump to the wind until his ever present slicker was untied from back of the saddle and placed around his shoulders. Now he turned back, straining his eyes against the blackness and the rain, waiting for another lightning flash to reveal the position of the cattle.

Roy heard them first, a vague rumble of many trampling feet melting into the sound of the storm. The rumble swelled to a steady pounding that shook the earth and rose even above the violence of the wind. He saw them then, indistinct black masses racing blindly toward him, spurred on by some nameless fear.

Stampede!

He wheeled his pony to get out of the way, but in the darkness there was no way of knowing whether a turn to the right or left might not cut him

squarely across the path of the semi-crazed animals. When lightning struck again, he saw he was well to the right of the stampede, but scarcely ahead of it. Far to the left the San Marcus river had cut a gorge through the earth, and Roy decided on a desperate move. With the running steers only vague blobs in the night, he could never hope to turn the leaders around to mill back as he would ordinarily have done, but there was a chance he could force them over to the gorge. A few would plunge over, would break their legs or necks, but the stampede would halt, for cattle, unlike sheep, will not jump blindly to destruction.

Roy went to work, swinging his quirt against the wet sides of the racing leaders. They belowed loudly, but edged over, with Roy continuously pressing them further. They reached the gorge, and with their uncanny sense of danger, dug their hoofs into the muddy ground. Roy was in the heart of the stampede now, and a heavy beef shoulder caught his pony on the flank. The gallant animal stumbled, tried to keep his footing, then went down. Roy felt himself leave the saddle, then he struck the ground heavily and blacked out.

It was noon the next day, and the Flying A hands were grouped around the chuck wagon. Roy, suffering from nothing worse than a bump on the head, was talking to Sunny Sprraig.

"I investigated to see what made the cattle so nervous last night," he said. "Somebody slaughtered a calf, and you know what fresh blood does to a herd." He tossed a hunting knife over to Sunny. It had dry black stains on it. "I found this in your wagon, Sunny. Why'd you do it?"

Sunny caught the knife carelessly and laughed. "So what?

I haven't used that since we butchered a beef last week."

"Your sorrel pony was still lathered this morning," Roy pointed out. "Yet you claim you haven't used the roan since yesterday. How come? Did you use the sorrel to get the stampede going?"

The eyes of the cow hands fixed curiously on Sunny. His face paled, and with a quick movement he drew a pistol from his waistband. "All right, so yuh found out!" he snapped. "What's it gonna get yuh? Sure, I wanted to make yuh look bad 'cause I figgered if yuh failed, yore old man would give me the ramrod's job. Now I'm gettin' out, and don't try to stop me!"

He backed cautiously toward his pony and raised a foot to the stirrup. In that instant Red Willy's arm flicked out, and the lariat he had been toying with shot snakelike to settle over Sunny Sprraig's shoulders. Red Willy yanked hard. Sunny lost his pistol and flopped to the ground.

Red Willy grinned at Roy. "After turnin' those cattle last night and the way yuh figgered things out today, I reckon it's only right we back yore play, Roy. What'll we do with this skunk?"

Roy looked around at a circle of approving faces and grinned back. "Use your own judgment. It seems to be pretty good."

He mounted his cayuse and rode off to get the drive started again, but not so quickly that he didn't hear Red Willy tell Sunny he was to follow in the dust of the herd until they reached the railhead. "And on foot!" Red concluded with emphasis.

Roy grinned again. It looked like things were going to be all right!

THE END SL-4217

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS
OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED
BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933,
AND JULY 2, 1946**

of All Western Winners published Quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the All Western Winners and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Current Detective Stories, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Current Detective Stories, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Jerome A. Perles, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Morris Siegel, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1948.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)



MARVEL COMIC GROUP

*a letter
to our readers
and their
PARENTS!*

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written; the century of Defoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr. Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to read what they wanted to read. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called *Robinson Crusoe* "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter.

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

RED UNIT

ALL WESTERN WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
BLONDE PHANTOM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
GEORGIE AND JUDY
HEDY DEVINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JOKER COMICS
KID COLT
LANA

MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB MARINER
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TEX TAYLOR
TWO GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

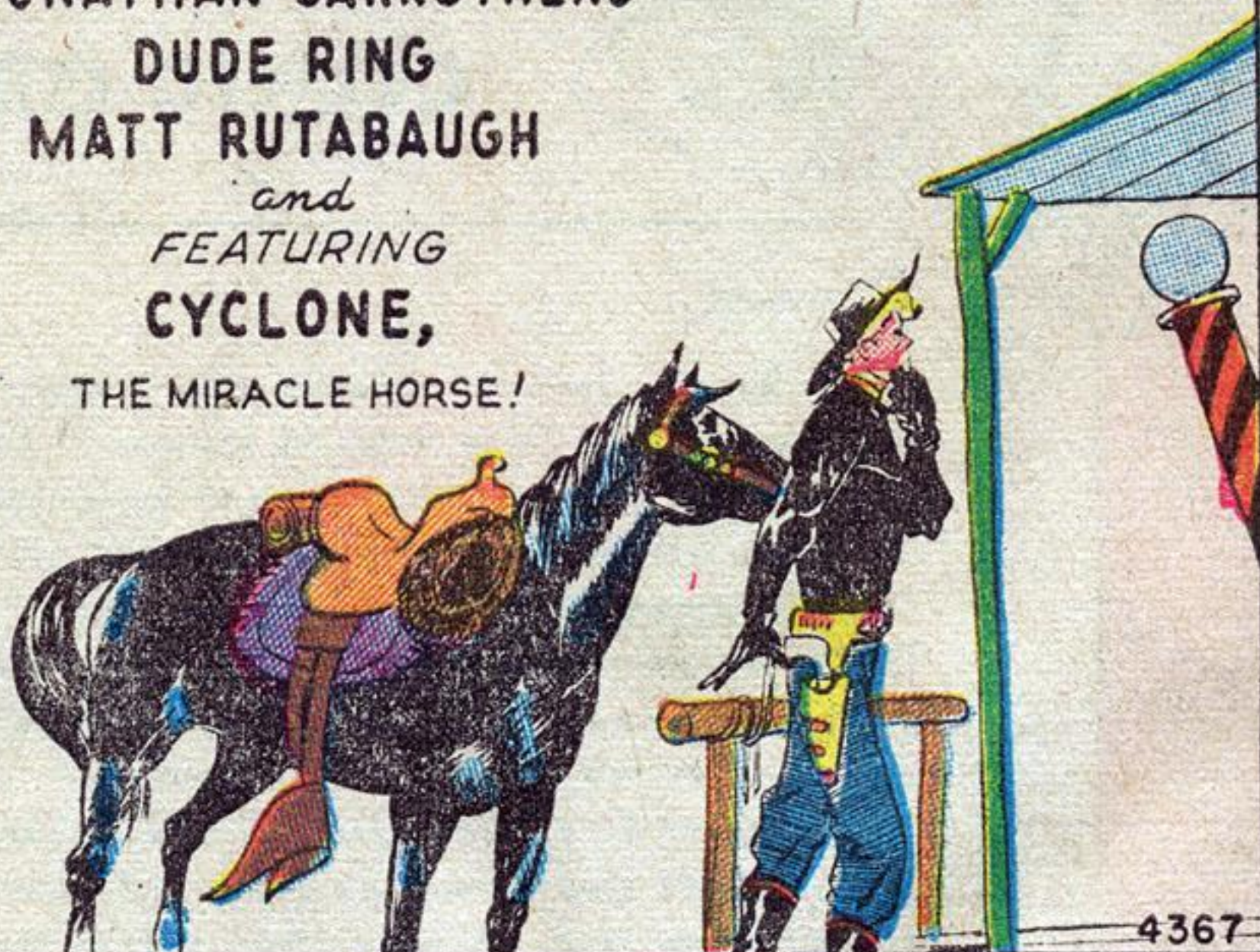
BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

ALL TRUE CRIME CASES
COMPLETE MYSTERY
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
FRANKIE AND LANA
GAY COMICS
IDEAL COMICS
JUNIOR MISS
JUSTICE COMICS
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR

TWO-GUN KID

SUPPORTED BY
JONATHAN CARRUTHERS
DUDE RING
MATT RUTABAUGH
and
FEATURING
CYCLONE,
THE MIRACLE HORSE!

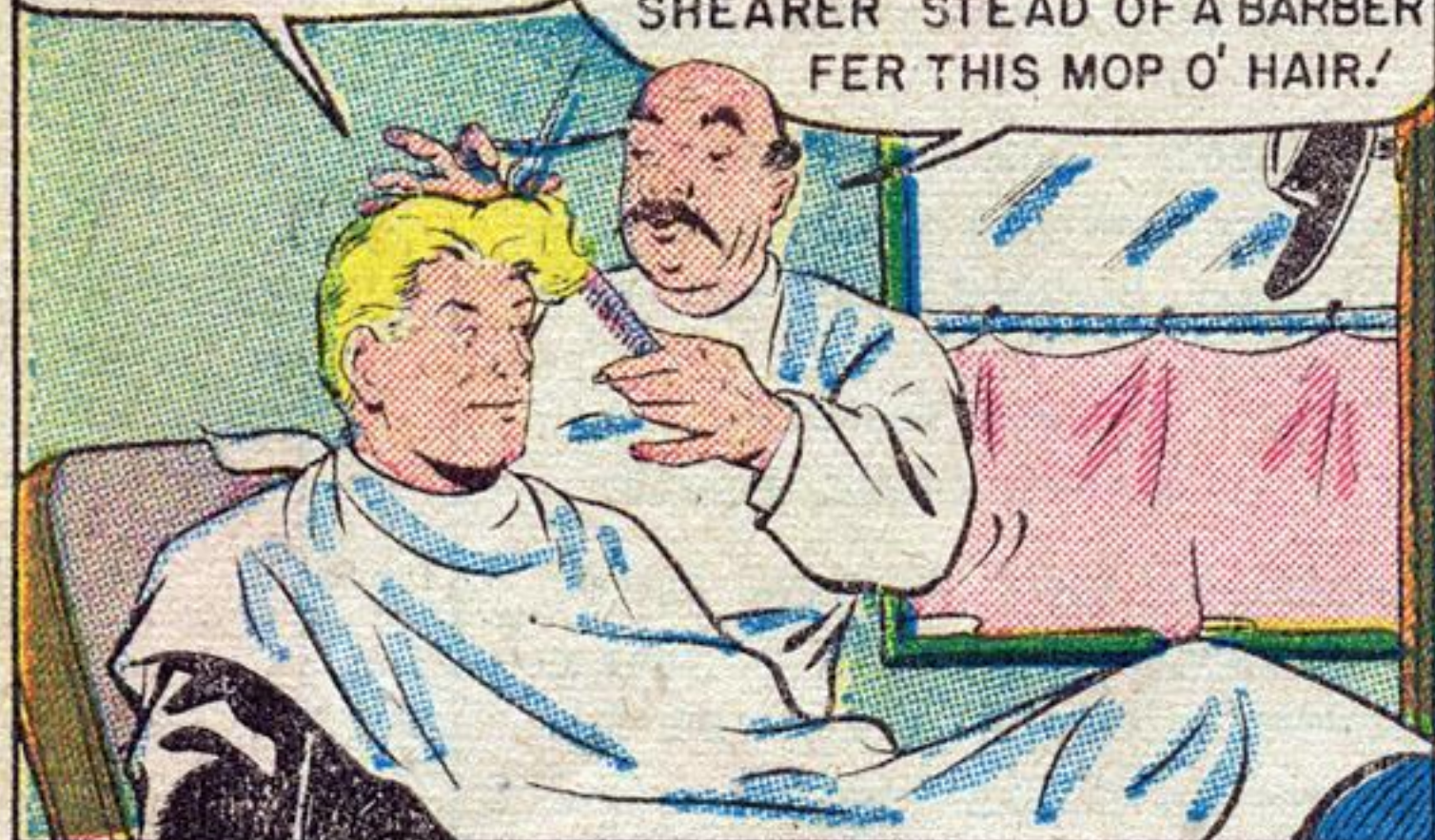
IN
"THE KID
BLUFFS
A KILLER!"



4367

SO THIS IS RING'S
CORNERS! I HEAR
EVERY WANTED
MAN IN THE STATE
MAKES THIS TOWN
HIS HEADQUARTERS!

YUP! NO LAW HERE! ONLY
CONNECTION WITH THE OUT-
SIDE IS THE STAGECOACH--
STOPS TO WATER THE HORSES!
SAY, A COUPLE MORE DAYS AN'
YOU'D HAVE NEEDED A SHEEP
SHEARER 'STEAD OF A BARBER
FER THIS MOP O' HAIR!



THAT FEELS BETTER! HM-M-M!
WONDER WHAT'S UP? THAT GANG
OF HARDCASES AT THE STAGE
STOP AREN'T UP TO ANY
GOOD! THE LEADER IS
THAT KILLER, DUDE RING!
SO THAT'S WHERE THE
TOWN GETS ITS NAME!



GET READY, YOU RANNIES, HERE COMES THE STAGE!
WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT SO HOT FOR THIS JONATHAN
CARRUTHERS, THAT HE'S GONNA TAKE THE NEXT
STAGE BACK EAST WHERE HE BELONGS!

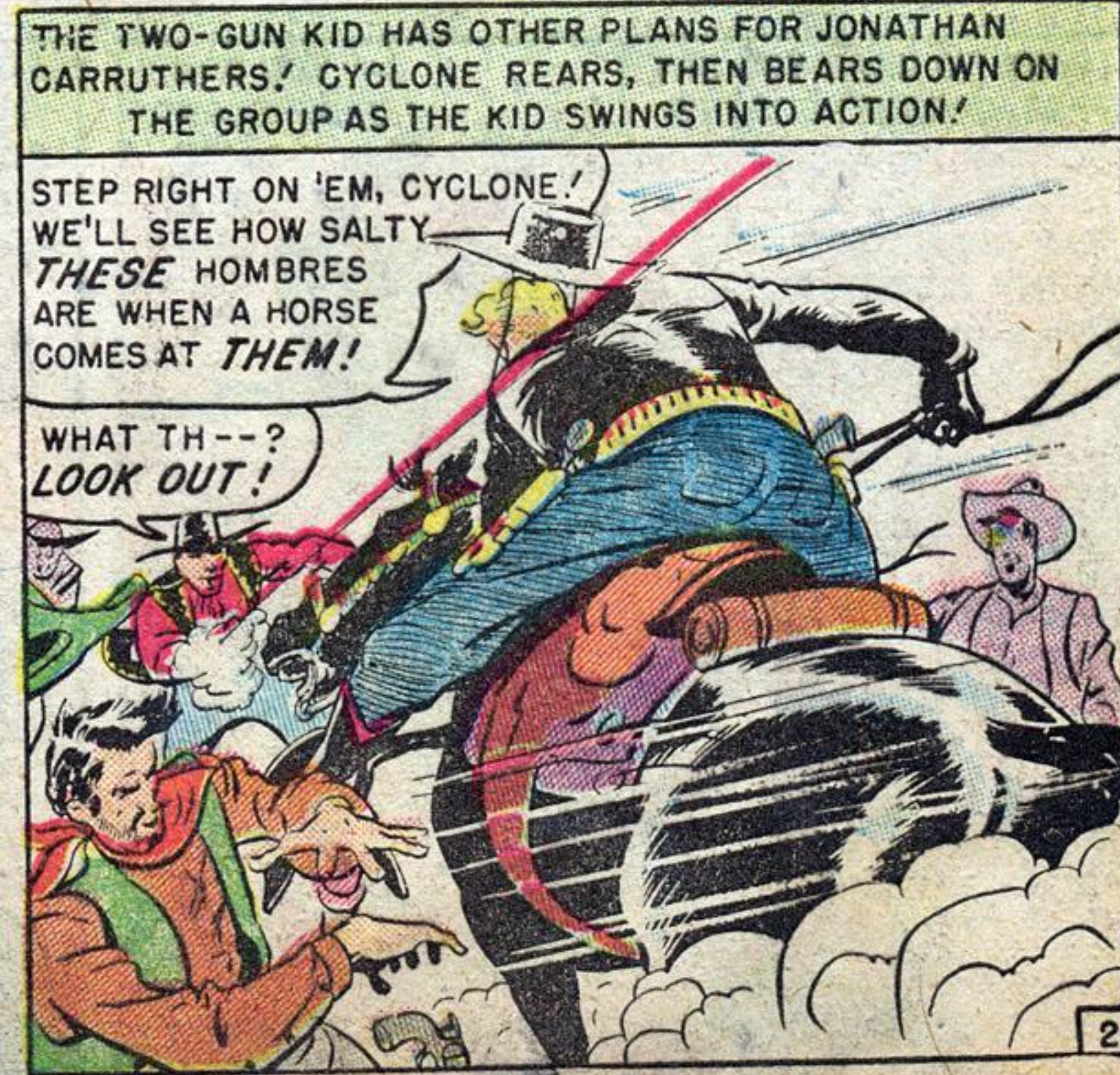
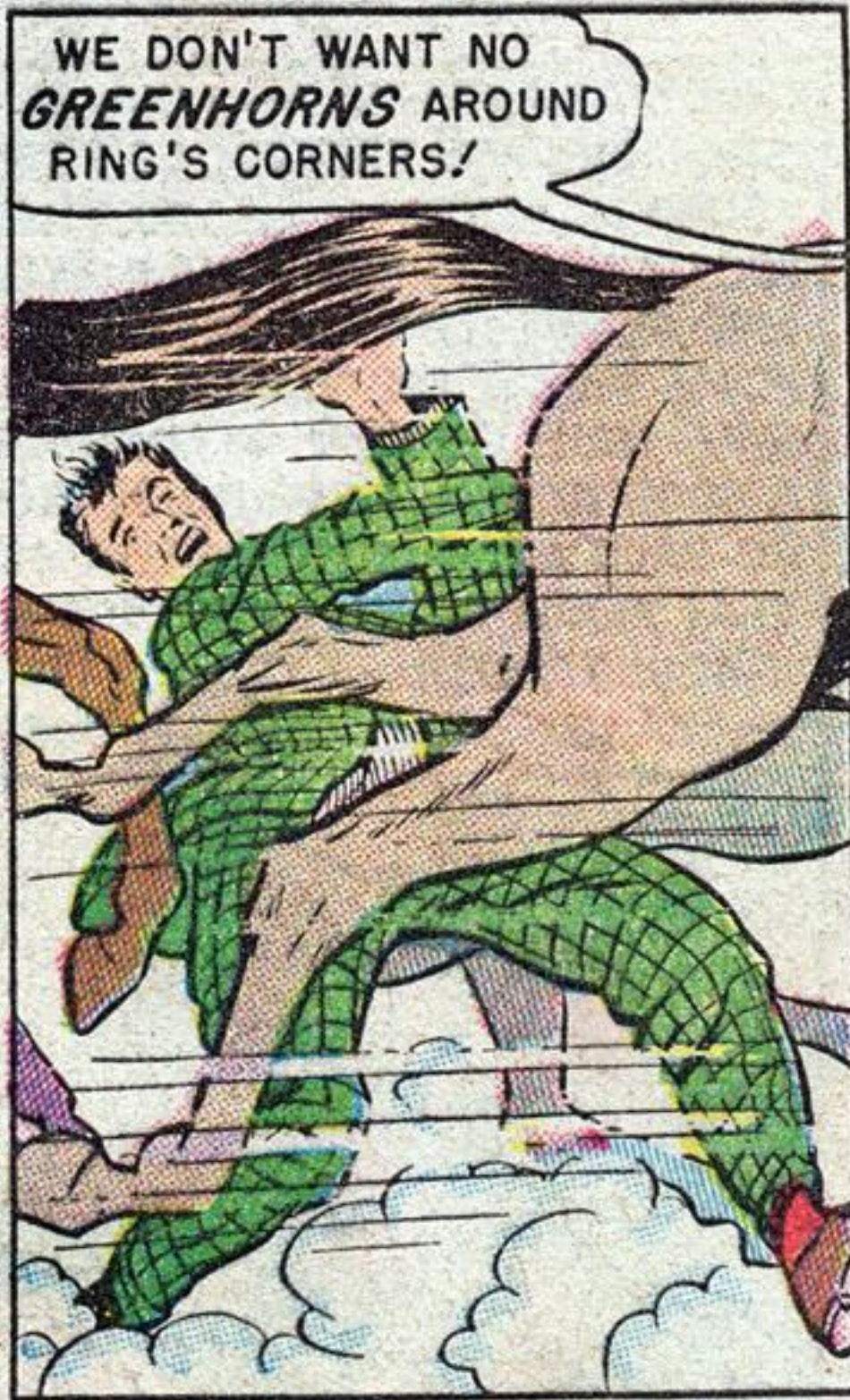
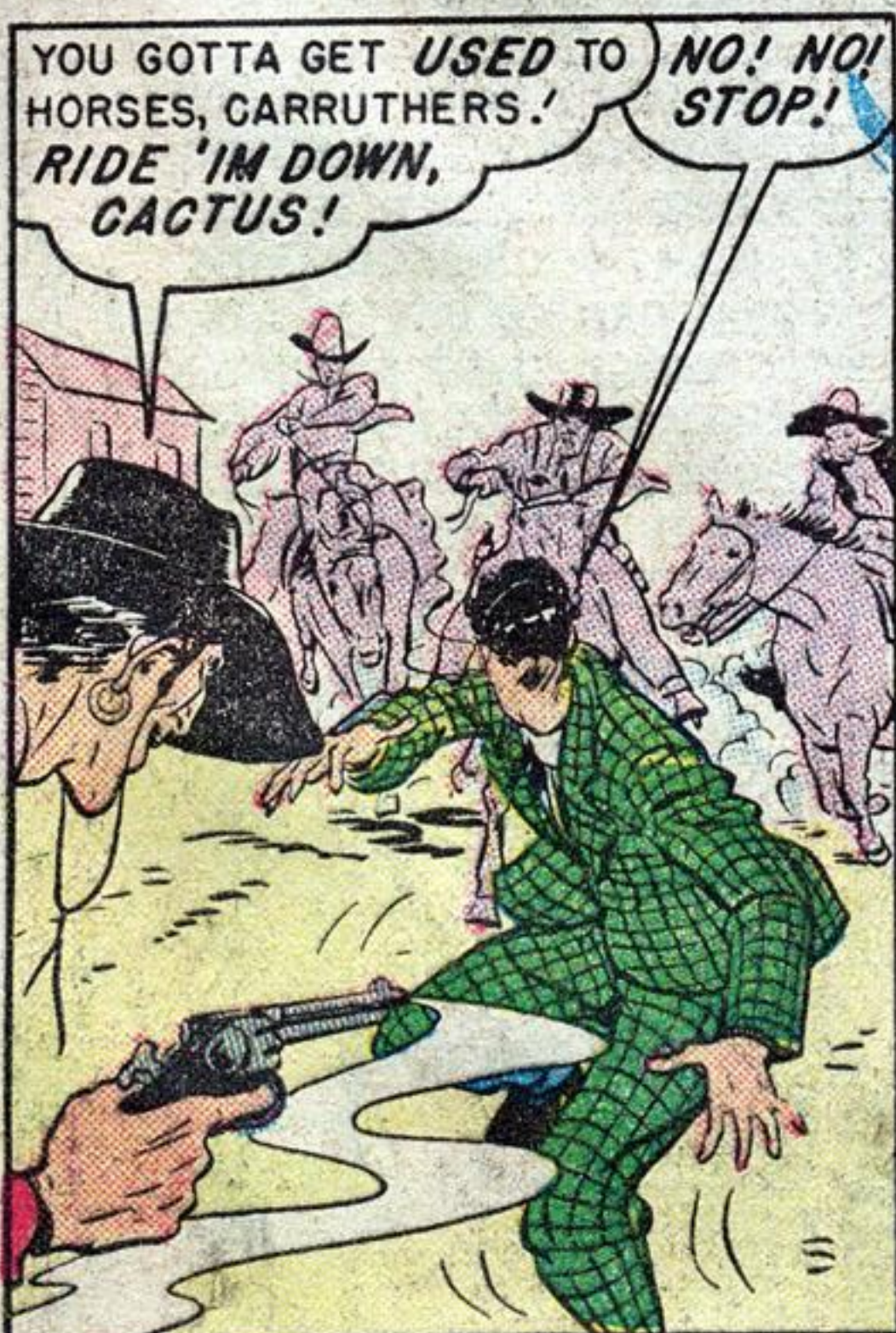
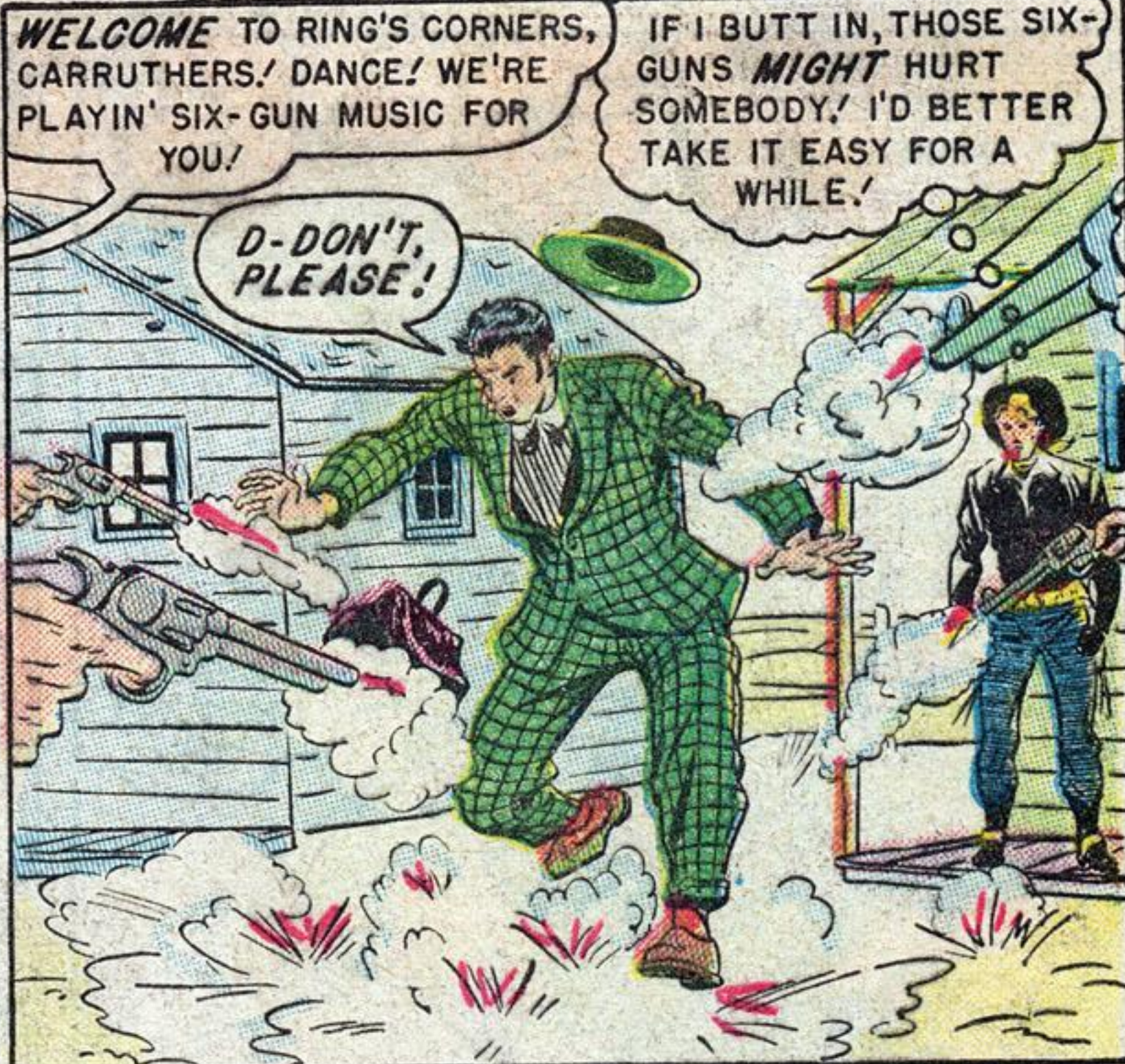


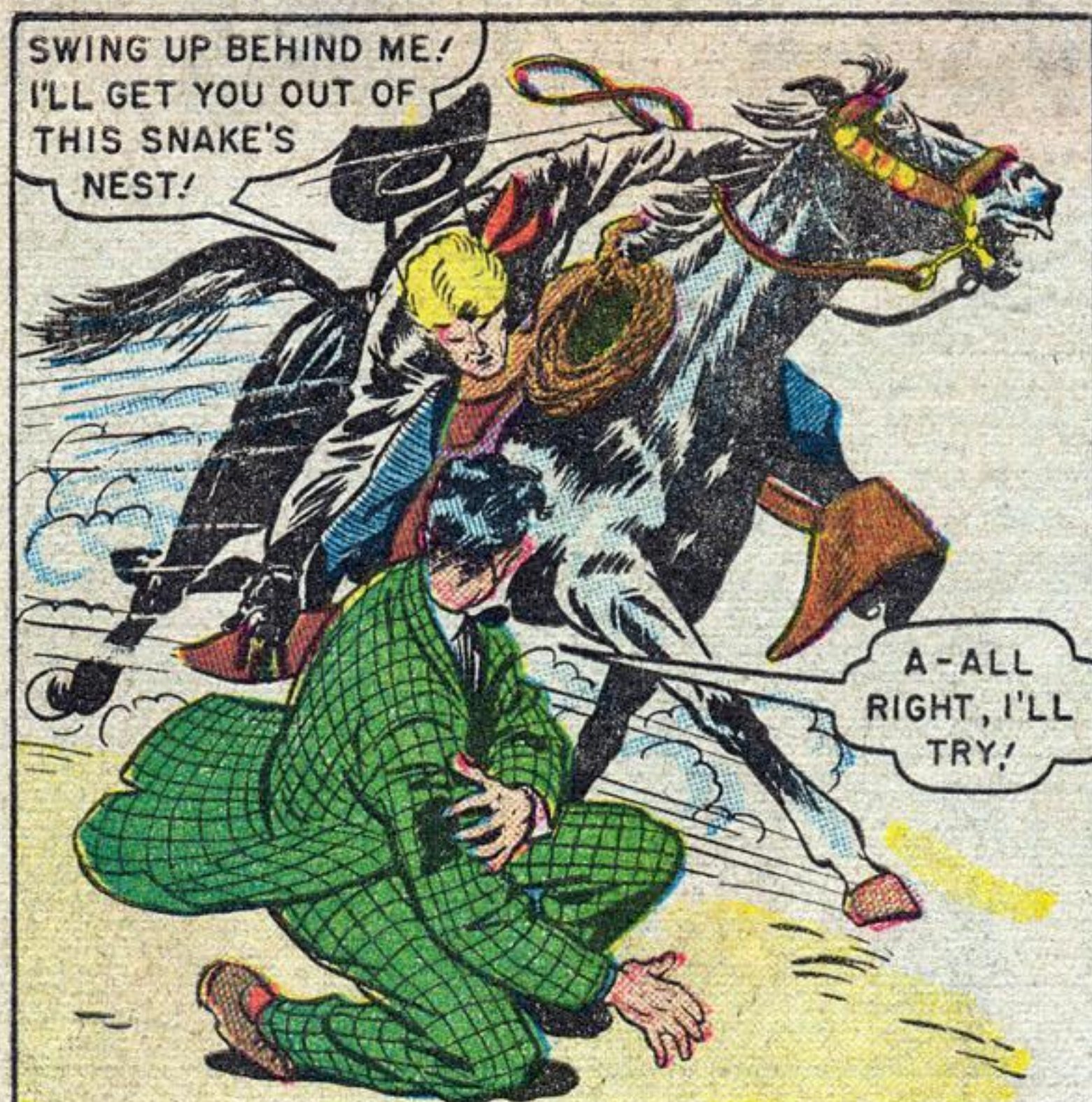
YEAH, AN' YOU,
KEEP HIS RANCH!
YOU'RE PRETTY
SLICK, DUDE!

START THE PARTY, BOYS!
YA-HOO-O-O!

THIS IS GOING TO BE
MIGHTY INTERESTING!
DON'T WANT TO BUY CHIPS
IN ANOTHER MAN'S GAME
BUT IT SURE LOOKS LIKE
I'M GOING TO!







THREE MILES OUT OF TOWN--THERE'S BEEN NO PURSUIT, SO THE TWO-GUN KID AND JONATHAN CARRUTHERS FEEL SAFE IN GIVING CYCLONE A SHORT REST!

I DON'T KNOW YOU, SIR, BUT MY NAME IS JONATHAN CARRUTHERS! I CAME OUT HERE TO CLAIM MY RANCH, THE CROSS BIT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND YET WHAT HAPPENED!

FOLKS CALL ME THE TWO-GUN KID! IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH--DUDE RING WANTS TO KEEP IT FOR HIMSELF, SO HE THREW A **RECEPTION** FOR YOU!



DUDE RING AND HIS GUNSLICKS ARE PRETTY TOUGH HOMBRES--TOUGH WHEN THERE ARE **FOUR OR FIVE** PICKIN' ON **ONE** MAN! I HAVE A GOOD NOTION TO GO BACK AND PULL THAT PLACE DOWN AROUND THEIR EARS!

I COULDN'T LET YOU DO THAT, SIR! I SHALL INSTITUTE LEGAL ACTION AGAINST THIS DUDE PERSON--THE LAW WILL PROTECT ME, I'M SURE!



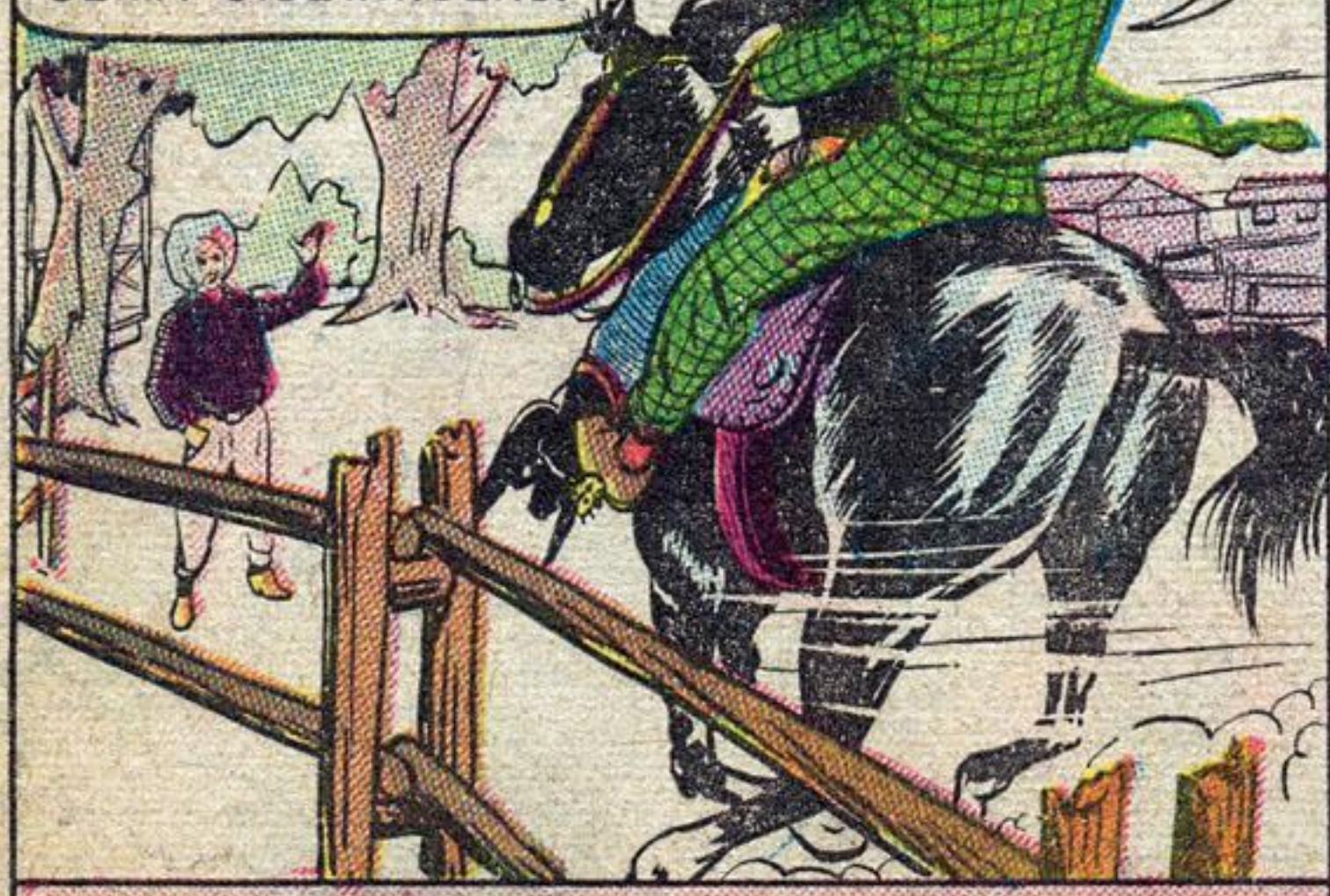
YOU DON'T KNOW THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY, CARRUTHERS! RING'S CORNERS IS UNDER **NO** LAW! THE NEIGHBORING COUNTIES REFUSE TO INCLUDE IT WITHIN THEIR BOUNDARIES! THAT WAY IS EASIER THAN HAVING GOOD MEN KILLED BREAKIN' UP RING'S GANG!

I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP THEN!



I HATE TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, CARRUTHERS! I'D RATHER BE SIX FEET UNDER THAN GIVE UP THE RANCH TO THOSE SLIMY SIDEWINDERS!

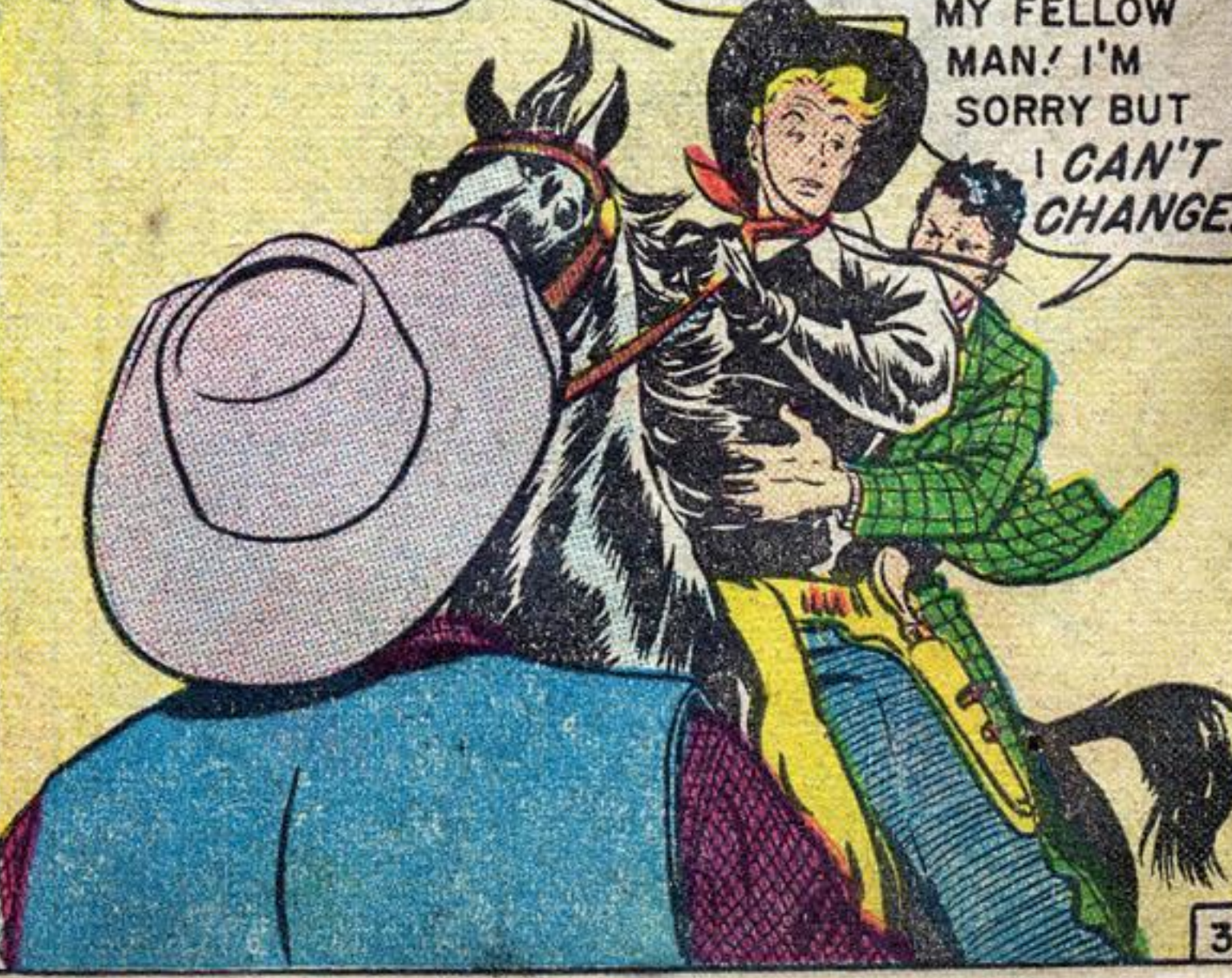
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I CAN'T USE A GUN!

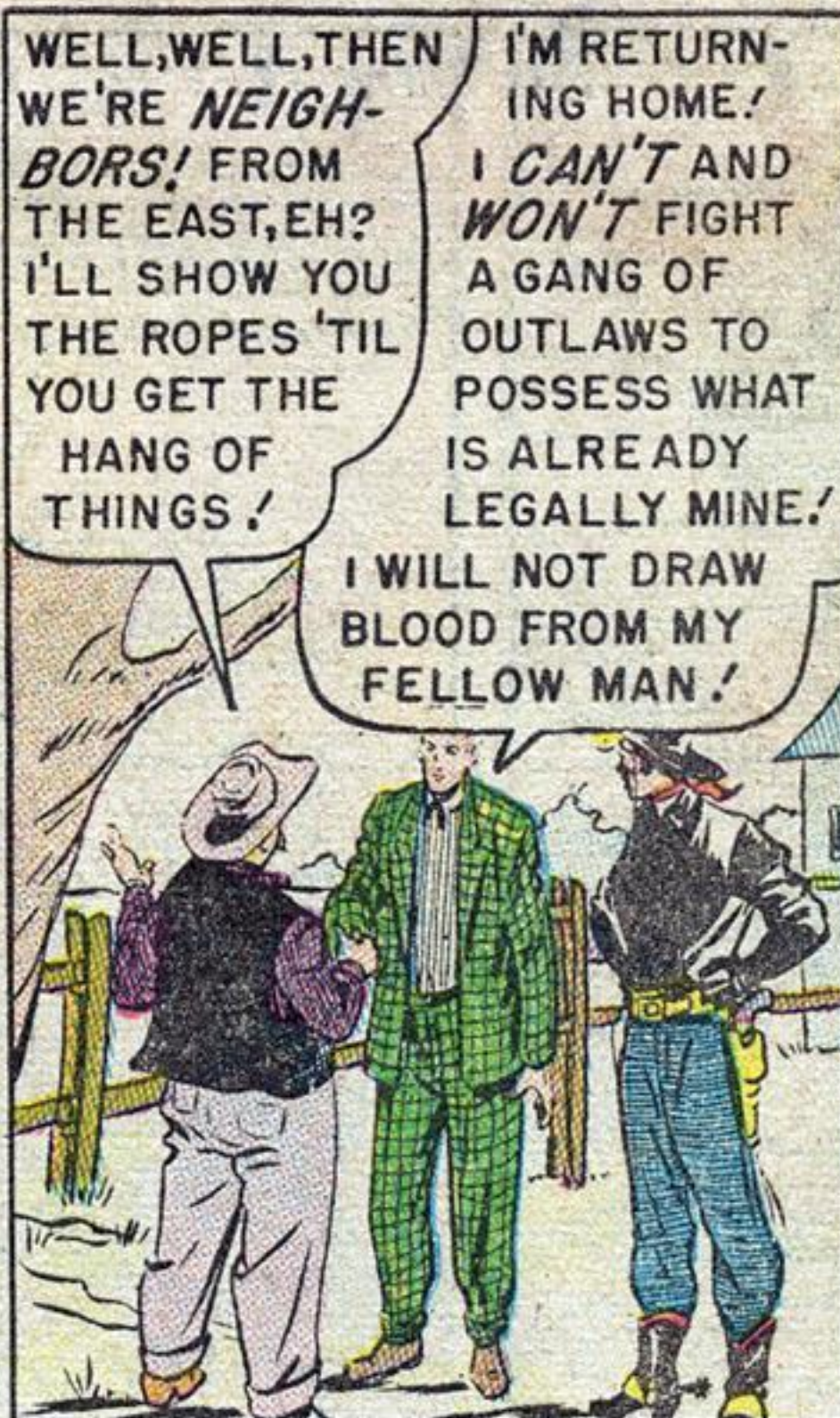


SANCTUARY--THE RANCH OF ONE OF THE TWO-GUN KID'S MANY FRIENDS!

ANYBODY CAN USE A GUN! YOU HAVE A TRIGGER--YOU POINT IT WHERE YOU WANT TO SHOOT--THEN BANG! IT'S **EASY**!

NOT FOR ME--I AM A **PACIFIST**! MADE UP MY MIND THAT VIOLENCE IS AN EVIL THING AND VOWED NEVER TO HURT MY FELLOW MAN! I'M SORRY BUT I **CAN'T** CHANGE!





THE TWO-GUN KID'S MIND REFUSES TO STAY ON THE MEAL BEFORE HIM--JONATHAN CARRUTHER'S TROUBLES OCCUPY HIS THOUGHTS!

I'M SURE DUDE RING WOULD BACK DOWN IF A REAL MAN BRACED HIM, IF ONLY...

I'VE GOT IT! MATT, DO YOU STILL HAVE KING FISKE'S EXTRA SET OF FANCY DUDS?



LET'S GO GET 'EM! JONATHAN CARRUTHERS IS GOING TO WEAR THE CLOTHES OF ONE OF THE *FANCIEST GUNSLICKS* WEST OF THE PEGOS!



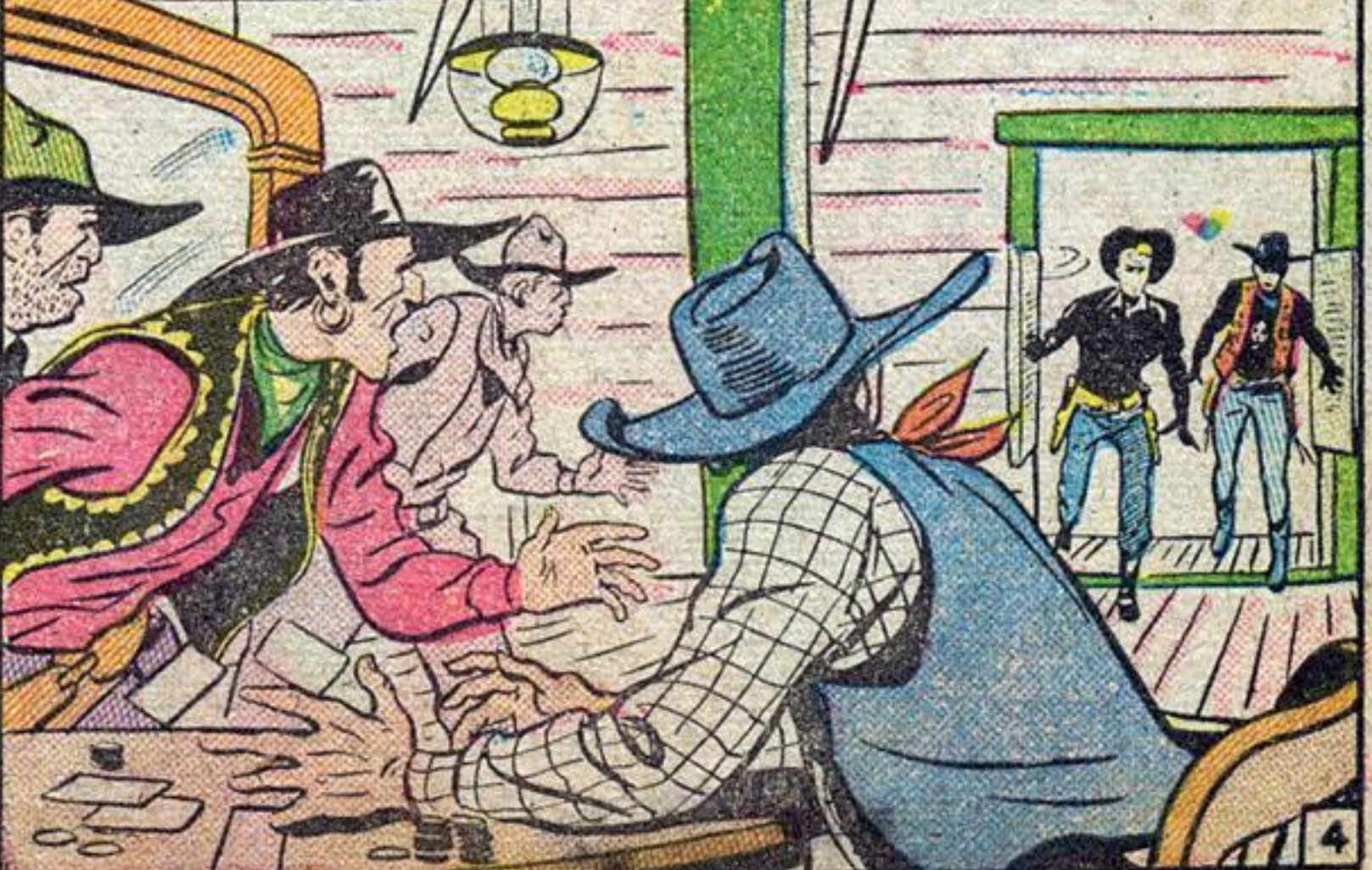
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, JONATHAN CARRUTHERS, PACIFIST, BECOMES--IN APPEARANCE, AT LEAST--A GUNSLICK FORMIDABLE ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY RANNIE STOP AND THINK!

HE SURE LOOKS ROUGH WITH KING FISKE'S GEAR ON HIM! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, KID?

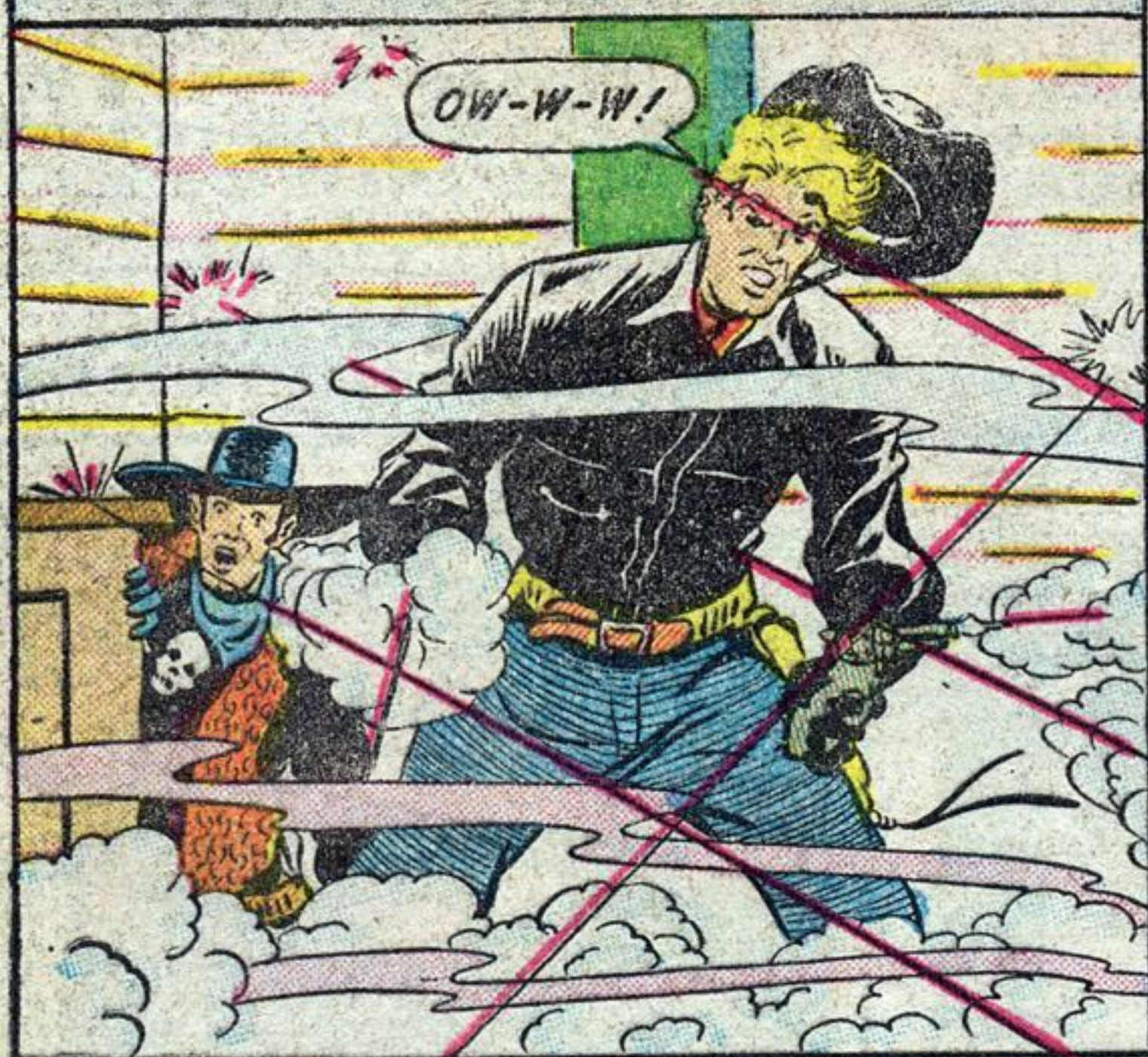


THE TWO-GUN KID AND JONATHAN CARRUTHERS RIDE INTO TOWN AND ENTER THE LION'S DEN, DUDE RING'S CASINO!

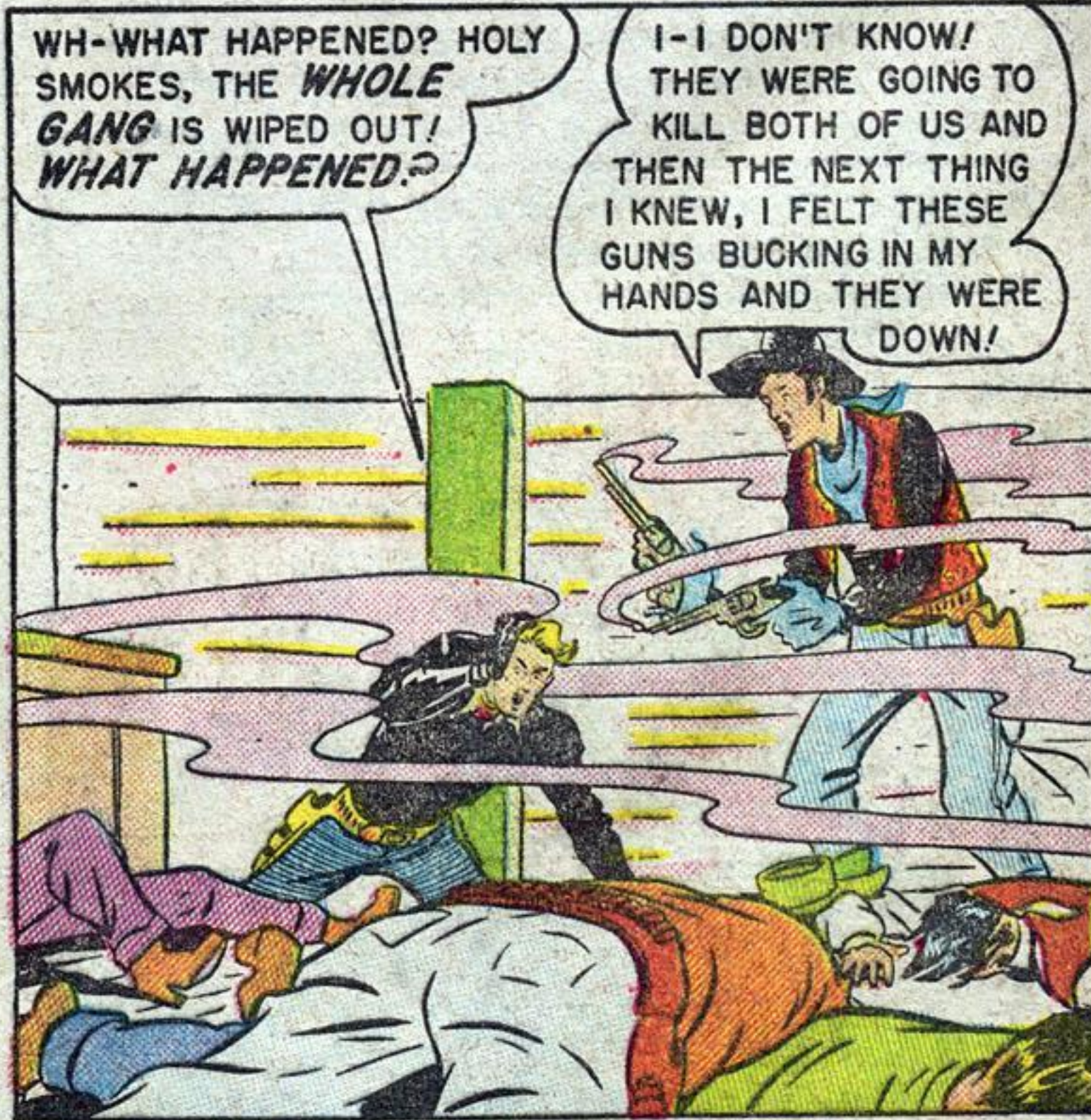
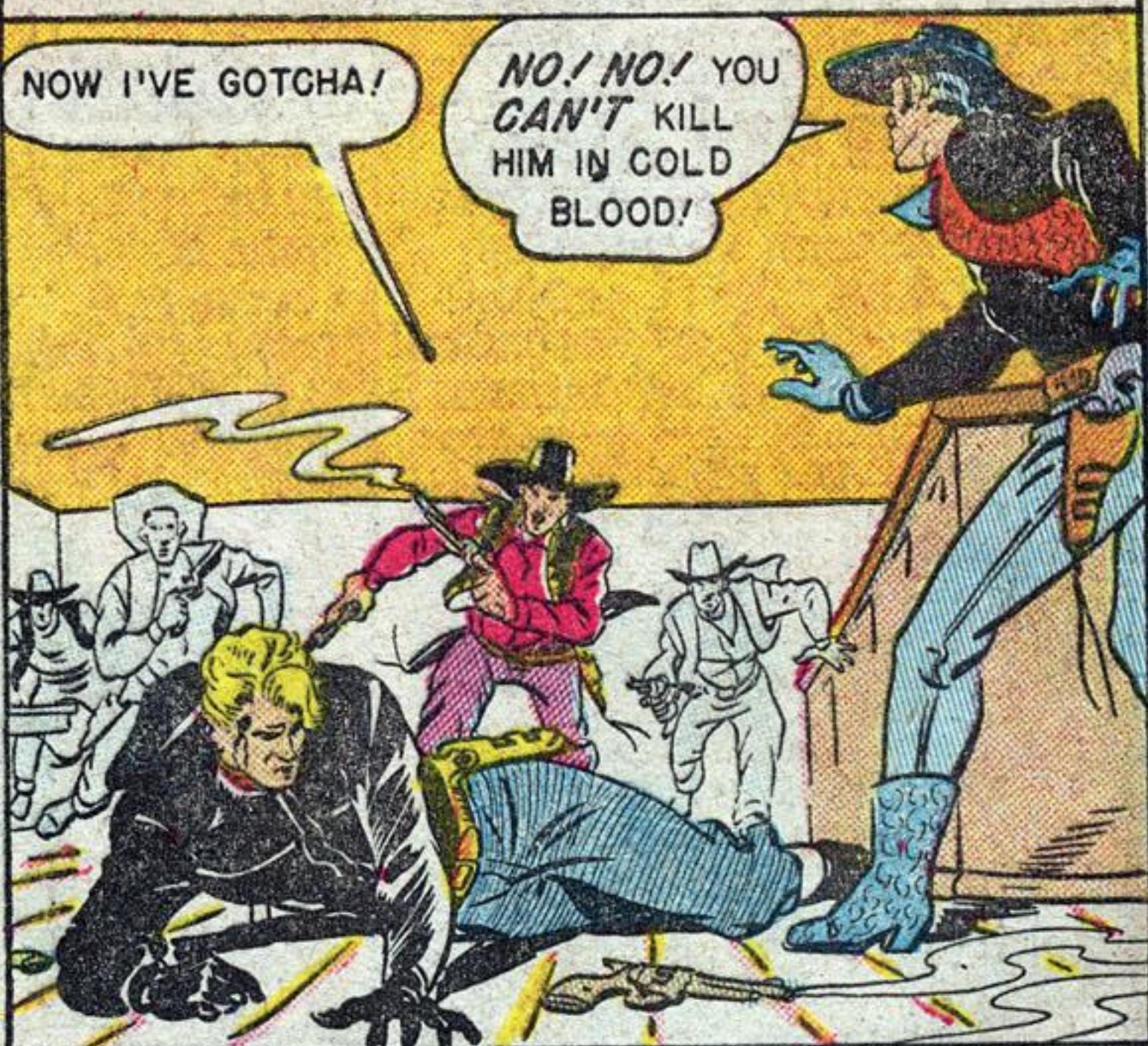
HEY, THAT'S THE HOMBRE THAT RODE OFF WITH THE DUDE--AN' *THE OTHER GUY--THAT OUTFIT!*



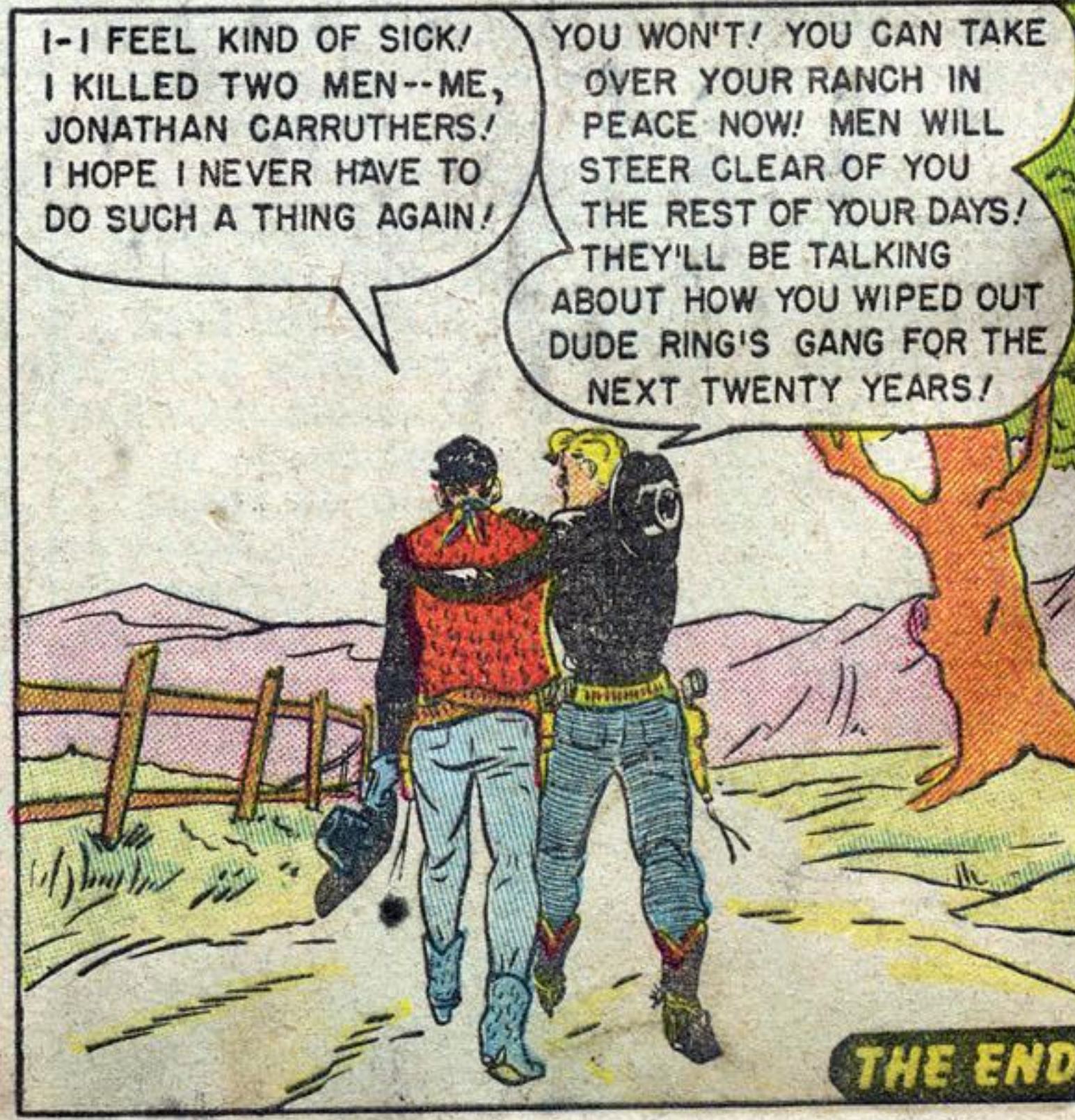
BUT THE KID'S BLUFF BACKFIRES AND IN A MOMENT,
DEADLY LEAD CRISSCROSSES THE ROOM...



THE KID FALLS, MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE
TEMPLE WOUND...



I-I DON'T KNOW!
THEY WERE GOING TO
KILL BOTH OF US AND
THEN THE NEXT THING
I KNEW, I FELT THESE
GUNS BUCKING IN MY
HANDS AND THEY WERE
DOWN!



THE END

STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

The year's twenty-fifth stamp issued by the United States is a 3-cent purple honoring the humorist and philosopher Will Rogers. The design is philately's first portrait of Rogers. Under his likeness "I never met a man I didn't like" — Will Rogers" is inscribed. First-day sale was on Nov. 4 at Claremore, Okla.

The twenty-sixth United States item is a 3-cent brown for the centenary of the establishing of "the Post of El Paso" — today's Fort Bliss. "Fort Bliss Centennial" is inscribed above a centered design showing a rocket in flight above the fort. Rocket experiments recently have been one feature of the fort's activities. First-day sale of this stamp was on Nov. 5 at El Paso, Tex.

Twenty-seventh on Uncle Sam's list is a 3-cent which introduces the late Moina Michael to the hobby. The design is a portrait of this Georgia woman, who is recalled as "Founder of Memorial Poppy" (so inscribed on the stamp). It was she who originated the idea of selling poppies for disabled veterans and their dependents. First-day sale was on Nov. 9 at Athens, Ga.

READ PATSY WALKER COMICS

NAPOLEON STAMP! ABYSSINIA! FREE!

St. Helena (Napoleon's Exile Island); Abyssinia "Nurse", \$1 U. S., Chaco Airmail, Ellas "Double Cross", 3 language stamp, Smoking Indian, Araby, Red Sea, etc. ALL FREE for 4¢ mailing charge. Approvals.

BOISVERT STAMP, 2629 S. Dakota Ave., N. E., Washington, D.C.

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Gorgeous Liberia "Royal Antelope", Nazi Submarine "Torpedo Action" Stamp, Lorraine Tri-color, Martinique, Spanish Morocco, others in JUMBO LOT 30 DIFFERENT—FREE with approvals for 3¢ postage.

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Nicaragua Airmail Diamond (bi-color beauty), also Rheinland, Togo, Portuguese Guinea, African Natives, Animals, Birds, many others in BIG PACKET. 29 DIFF.—ALL FREE with approvals for 3¢ postage.

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SEMINOLE STAMP CO.

Dept. 21, LEEDS, ALA.

54 Diff. Roosevelt Stamps, etc.

Big Lot 54 Different includes Roosevelt stamps from Monaco & San Marino, also Hitler & Mussolini stamps from Libya, Bohemia & many others. ALL ONLY 5¢. Approvals.

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Arlington-M Baltimore 15, Md.

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All different Stamps from North America.
Only 5¢ to Approval Buyers.
BRYSON STAMP CO., Drawer F-11, Rossford, Ohio

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LORRAINE W. BROWN, Dept. 10, Marion, Mich.

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66 BRITISH EMPIRE 5¢

to approval applicants.
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Dept. 5, 2041 Holland Avenue, Bronx 60, N. Y.

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Box 1002 Church Street Annex New York 8, N. Y.

50 HUNGARY 5¢

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BRA

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the RIGHT places
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ount of fullness to hips,

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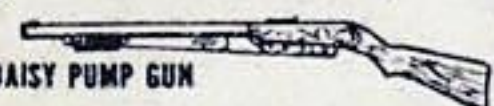
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